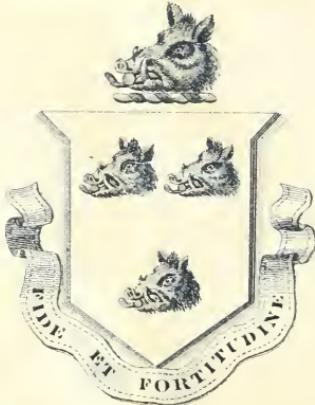




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163 Beaumont and Fletcher's Maides Tragedy, as it hath beene
divers times Acted at the Blacke-friers by the King's
Majesties Servants
FIRST EDITION, woodcut *F. Constable, 1619*

** Weber was unable to obtain a sight of this edition, which is of
the utmost rarity. Not more than two or three copies of
it are known.

5 May, 1859. £1.3.0



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The Maides Tragedy.

AS IT HATH BEENE

diuers times Acted at the Blacke-friers by
the KING s Maiesties Servants.

By Beaumont and Fletcher



L O N D O N .

Printed for Francis Constable and are to be sold
at the white Lyon ouer against the great North
doore of Pauls Church. 1619.

S P E A K E R S.

KING.

LYSIPPVS brother to the King.

157. 672.

AMINTOR.

EVADNE, wife to AMINTOR.

May 1873

MELANTIVS?

DIPHILVS } brothers to EVADNE.

ASPATIA troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.

CALLIANAX an old humorous Lord, and father to
ASPATIA.

CLEON?

STRATOS } Gentlemen.

DIAGORAS a seruant.

ANTIPHILA?

OLIMPIAS } waiting Gentlewomen to ASPATIA.

DVLA a Lady.

NIGHT?

CINTHIA?

NEPTVNE } Maskers.

EOLVS





The Maydes Tragedy.

Actus. I. Scæn. I.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LISIPPVS, DIPHILVS.

CLEON. Thereft are making ready sir,
LYS. So let them, theres time enough.
DIPH. You are brother to the King my
Lord, wee'le take your word.

LIS. *Strato* thou hast some skill in poetricie,
What think'ſt thou of a maske, will it be well?

STR. As well as masks can be.

LIS. As masks can be.

STR. Yes, they must commend, and speake in praise of
the assembly, blesse the Bride and groome, in person of
some god, there tied to rules of flatterie.

CLE. See good my Lord who is return'd.

LIS. Noble *Melantius*, *Enter Melantius*
the land by me welcomes thy vertues home, thou that with
blowes abroad bringſt vs our peace at home, the breath
of Kings is like the breath of gods, my brother wiſht thee
here, and thou art here, he will be kinde; and wearie thee
with often welcome, but the time doth giue thee a wel-
come, aboue his, or all the world.

MEL. My Lord, my thankes, but these scratcht limbes
of mine, haue spoke my loue and truth vnto my friends,
more then my tongue ere could, my mind's the same it e-

The Maydes Tragedy.

uer was to you; where I finde worth
I loue the keeper, till he let it goe,
And then I follow it.

D I P H. Haile worthy brother,
He that reioyces not at your returne
In safetie, is mine enemy for euer.

M E L. I thanke thee *Diphilus*: but thou art faultie,
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes
With me at *Patria*, thou carrest not *Diphilus*:
Twas ill.

D I P H. My noble brother my excuse
Is my Kings straight command, which you my Lord
Can witnesse with me.

L I S. Tis most true *Melantius*,
He might not come till the solemnities
Of this great match weré past.

D I P H. Haue you heard of it.

M E L. Yes, and haue giuen cause to those, that here
Enuy my deedes abroad, to call me gamesome,
I haue no other busines here at *Rhodes*.

L I S. We haue a maske to night,
And you must tread a souldiers measure.

M E L. These soft and silken warres are not for me,
The musicke must be shrill and all confus'd
That stirs my blood, and then I daunce,
But is *Amintor* wed?

D I P H. This day?

M E L. All ioyes vpon him, for he is my friend,
Wonder not that I call a man so young;
His worth is great, valiant he is,
And one that neuer thinkes his life his owne,
If his friend neede it, when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)
I brought home conquest, he would gaze vpon me,
And view me round, to finde in what one limbe.
The vertue lay to doe those things he heard,
Then would he wish to see my syword, and feele

The

The Maydes Tragedy.

The quicknesse of the edge, and in his hand
Weighes it, he oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe yeates
Will see it all perform'd.
Haile Maide and Wife.

Enter *Aspatia* passing
with attendance.

Thou faire *Aspatia*, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand
Of age vndoe't, mayst thou bring a race
Vnto *Amintor*, that may fill the world
Successiuelly with souldiers.

As p. My hard fortunes
Deserue not scorne, for I was neuer proud
When they were good.

Exit *Aspatia*.

M E L. Howes this.

L I S. You are mistaken sir, she is not married.

M E L. You said *Amintor* was.

D I P H. Tis true, but

M E L. Pardon me, I did receiue
Letters at *Patria* from my *Amintor*
That he should marie her.

D I P H. And so it stood,
In all opinion long, but your arriuall
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

M E L. Who has he taken then?

L I S. A Ladie sir,
That beares the light aboue her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye, the faire *Euadne*
Your vertuous sister.

M E L. Peace of heart betwixt them,
But this is strange.

L I S. The King my brother did it
To honour you, and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

M E L. Tis royll like himselfe,
But I am sad, my speech beares so infortunate a sound
To beautifull *Aspatia*, there is rage
Hid in her fathers breast *Calianax*,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Bent long against me and a should not thinke,
Could I but call it backe, that I would take
Such base reuenges as to scorne the state
Of his neglected daughter.

L I S. O t'were pittie, for this Lady sir,
Sits discontented with her watry eyes bent on the earth,
In vnfreuented woods are her delight,
Where when she sees a bancke stukke full of flowers,
Then she will sit, and sigh, and tell
Her seruants, what a prittie place it were
To burie louers in, and make her maides
Pluck'ēm, and strow them ouer her like a corse,
She carries with her an infectious griefe,
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfulst things that euer care hath heard,
And swound, and sing againe, and when the rest
Of your young Ladyes in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthfull tales in course that fils the roome
With laughter, she will with so sad a looke
Bring forth a storie of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her griefe
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end
Shee'le send them weeping one by one away.

M E L. She has a brother vnder my command
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much outgrowne
The number of his yeares.

Enter Amintor.

C L E. My Lord the Bridegroome.

M E L. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
Vpon my foe, I loue thee well Amintor,
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart,
I joy to looke vpon those eyes of thine,
Thou art my friend, but my disordred speech
Cuts off my loue.

A M I N. Thou art Melantins,
All loue is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thanke the gods, Melantins is return'd

In

The Maydes Tragedy.

In safty, victory sits on his sword:
As she was wont, may she build there, and dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath beene,
Only thy valour and thine innocence,
What endlesse treasures would our enemies giue,
That I might hold thee still thus.

M E L. I am poore in words, but credit me young man
Thy mother could do no more but weep, for ioy to see thee
Afrer long absence, all the wounds I haue,
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widdowed mothers: But this is peace
And that was warre.

A M I N T. Pardon thon holy god
Of marriage bed, and frowne not, I am forst
In answere of such noble teares as these,
To weepe vpon my wedding day.

M E L. I feare thou art growne too cruell, for I heare
A Lady mournes for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what tearmes I know not.

A M I N T. She had my promise, but the King forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister
Accompanied with graces about her,
With whom I long to loose my lusty youth,
And grow olde in her armes.

M E L. Be prosperous.

A M I N T. My Lord the maskers rage for you.

L I S. We are gone,
Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

A M I N T. Weele all attend you, we shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

M E L. Not so Amintor,
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In sports, il'e doe as much for you in warre
When you come thither, but I haue a mistresse
To bring to your delights, rough though I am,
I haue a mistresse and she has a heart

The Maydes Tragedy.

She saies, but trust me, it is stome, no better,
There is no place that I can chalenge gentlemen,
But you stand still, and here my way lies. Exeunt.

Enter Calianax, and Diagoras.

C A L. Diagoras looke to the dores better for shame, you
let in all the wold, and anon the King will be angry with
me, why very well said, by Ioue the King wil haue the shew
i'th the Court;

D I A G. Why doe you sweare so my Lord,
You know heele haue it here.

C A L. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

D I A G. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworne.

C A L. One must sweat out his heart with swearing, & get
Thankes on no side, ile be gone, looke too't who will.

D I A G. My Lord I shall neuer keepe them out,
Your lookes will terrifie them.

C A L. My lookes terrifie them, you coxcomely asse, ile be
iudge by all the company, whether thou hast not a worse
face then I.

D I A G. I meane because they know you, and your office.

C A L. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat
quite through in my office, I might haue made room at my
daughters wedding, they ha neere kild her amongt them.
But now, I must doe seruice for him that hath forsaken her,
serue that will.

Exit Calianax,

D I A G. Hee's so humerous since his daughter was forsaken?
hark, hark, whose there, codes, codes,

What now? within Knock within

M E L. Open the dore.

D I A G. Who i'st.

M E L. Melantius.

D I A G. I hope your Lord-ship brings no troope, for if
you doe, I must returne them. Enter Melantius

M E L. None but this Lady sir. and a Lady.

D I A G. The Ladies are all plac'd aboue, saue those that
come in the Kings troope, the best of Rhodes sit there,

there

The Maydes Tragedy.

there is no roome.

M E L. I thanke you sir, when I haue seene you placed madam, I must attend the King, but the maske done, ile waite on you againe. Exit Melantius Lady other dore.

D I A G. Stand backe there, roome for my Lord Melantius, pray beare back, this is no place for such youthes and their trulz, let the dores shut agen, no; do your heads itch, ile scratch them, so now thrust and hang, againe, who i'st now, I cannot blame my Lord Calianax for giuing way, would he were here, he would run raging amongst them, and breake a dozen heads in the twinkling of an eye, what's the newes now? within

I pray you can you helpe mee to the speech of the maister Cooke?

D I A G. If I open the dore ile cooke some of your culues heads, Peace rogues? — againe, — who i'st?

M E L. Melantius? within Enter Calianax.

C A L. Let him not in.

D I A G. O my Lord a must, make roome there for my Lord, is your Lady plast. Enter Melantius.

M E L. Yes sir, I thanke you, my Lord Calianax, well met, Your causelesse hate to me I hope is buried.

C A L. Yes I doe seruice for your sister here, That brings mine owne poore child to simelesse death; She loues your friend Amintor, such another false hearted Lord as you.

M E L. You doe me wrong,

A most vnmantone, and I am slow In taking vengeance, be well aduis'd.

C A L. It may be so, who plac'd the Lady there.

M E L. I did.

C A L. My Lord she must not sit there.

M E L. Why?

C A L. The place is kept for women of more worth,

M E L. More worth then she, it misbecomes your age; And place to be so womanish, forbeare, What you haue spoke I am content to think.

The

The Maydes Tragedy.

The palsey sheoke your tongue to.

C A L. Tis well it I stand here to place mens wenches.

M E L. I shal quite forget this place, thy age, my safety, and though all, cut that poore sickly weeke thou hast to live away from thee.

C A L. Nay I know you can fight for your whore.

M E L. Bate me the King, and be of flesh and blood

Alies that fayes it, thy mother at fifteene

Was black and sinfull to her.

D I A G. Good my Lord.

(man,

M E L. Some god pluck threescore yeares from that fond
That I may kill him, and not staine mine honor,
It is the curse of souldiers that in peace,
They shall be braued by such ignoble men,
As (if the land were troubled,) would with teares
And knees beg succor from 'em, would the blood
(That sea of blood) that I haue lost in fight,
Were running in thy veines, that it might make thee
Apt to say lesse, and able to maintaine,
Shouldst thou say more, — This Rhodes I see is nougat
But a place priuiledg'd to doe men wrong.

C A L. I, you may talke your pleasure. Enter Amintor.

A M I N T. What vilde wrong

Has sturd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hands,

C A L. That heape of age, which I should reuerence,
If it were temperate, but testie yeares
Are most contemptible.

A M I N T. Good sir forbeare.

C A L. There is iust such another as your selfe.

A M I N T. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talke as if he had no life to loose

Since this our match: the King is comming in,
I would not for more wealth then I enjoy

He should perceiue you raging, be did heare
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

C A L. Make roome there.

Hoboyes play within

Enter

The Maydes Tragedy.

Enter King Eudne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

Melantius thou art welcome, and thy loue
Is with me still; but this is not a place
To brable in, Calianax, ioyne hands.
C A L. He shall not haue mine hand.

K I N G. This is no time
To force you too't I doe loue you both,
Calianax you looke well to your office,
And you Melantius are welcome home,
Begin the maske.

M E L. Sister I ioy to see you, and your choyce,
You looke with my eies when you tooke that man,
Be happy in him. Recorders

E V A D. O my dearest brother,
Your presence is more ioyfull then this day,

Maske.

Night rises in mists.

N I G. Our raigne is now, for in the quenching sea
The Sun is drownd, and with him fell the day,
Bright Cinthia heare my voyce, I am the night
For whom thou bearst about, thy borrowed light,
Appeare, no longer thy pale visage shrowde,
But strike thy siluer hornes quite through a cloud,
And send a beame vpon my swarthie face,
By which I may discouer all the place
And persons that haue many longing eies,
Are come to waite on our solemnities. Enter Cinthia.
How dull and black am I, can I not finde
This beautie without thee, am I so blinde,
Me thinkes they shew like to those easterne streaks,
That warne vs hence before the morning breaks,
Back my pale seruant, for these eies know how,
To shoothe farre more and quicker rayes then thou.
C I N T H. Great Queen they be a troop for whom alone,
One of my clearest moones I haue put on,

The Maydes Tragedy.

A troope that lookes as if thy selfe and I,
Had pluckt our reines in, and our whips laid by
To gaze vpon those, that appeare
Brighter then we.

N I G H. Then let vs keepe 'em here,
And never more our chariots driue away,
But hold our places and out-shine the day. (speakē,

C I N T H. Great Queene of shaddowes you are pleasd to
Of more then may be done, we may not breake
The gods decrees, but when our time is come,
Must driue away and give the day our roome.

N I G H, Then shine at full pale Queen, & by that power,
Produce a birth to, fill this happy houre,
Of Niunphes and shepheards, and let their songs discouer,
Easie and sweete who is a happy louer,
Or if thou w'oot thine owne *Endimion*
From the sweete flowrie banck he lies vpon,
On *Latmus* brow thy pale beaunes drawne away,

And of his long night let him make thy day. (mine,

C I N. Thou dreamst darke power, that faire boy was not
Nor went I downe to kisse him, easie and windē,
Haue bred these bold tales, poets when they rage
Turnes gods to men, and make an houre an age,
But I will give a greater state and glory,

And raise to time a nobler memory
Of what these louers are, rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deepes, thy surges laid away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. *Neptune rises.*

N E P. Cinthia see,
Thy word hath force me hither, let me know
Why I ascend.

C I N T H. Doth this maiestick shew
Giue thee no knowledge yet.

N E P. Yes, now I see,
Something entended *Cinthia* worthy thee,
Go on, ile be a helper.

C I N T H.

The Maydes Tragedy.

CINTH. Hie thee then,
And charge the winde goe from his rockie den,
Let loose his subiects, onely *Boreas*
Too soule for our intensions as he was,
Still keepe him fast chain'd, we must haue none here
But yeranll blasts and gentle winds appeare,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad bowes sing,
Many soft welcome to the luly spring.
Bid them draw neare to haue thy wattrie race
Led on in couples, we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night each in their richelst things,
Your owne deepes or the broken vessells brings,
Be prodigall and I shall be as kinde,
And shine at full vpon you.

NEPT. See the winde
Commanding *Eolus*.

Enter Eolus out of a Rock.

EOL. Great *Neptune*.

NEPT. He.

EOL. What is thy will.

NEPT. We doe command thee free,
Fanonius and thy milder winds to waite
Vpon our *Cinthia*, but tie *Boreas* straight,
Hee's rebellious.

EOL. I shall doe it.

NEPT. Doe maister of the flould, and all below
Thy full command has taken

EOL. O! the Maine

Neptune.

NEPT. Here.

EOL. *Boreas* has broke his chaine,
And strugling with the rest has got away.

NEPT. Let him alone ile take him vp at sea,
I will not be long thence, goe hence againe
And bid the other call out of the Maine,
Blew *Proteus*, and the rest, charge them put on
Their greatest pearles and the most sparkling stonye
The beaten rock breeds, till this night is done,

The Maydes Tragedy.

By me a solemne honor to the Moone,
Flic like a full saile.

E o L. I am gone.

C I N T H. Darke night
Strike a full scilence, doe a thorow right
To this great *Chorus*, that our musique may
Touch high as heauen, and make the East breake day
At mid-night. Musique

Song.

Cinthia to thy power and thee
we obey,
Joy to this great company.
and no day,
Come to steale this night away
Till the rights of loue are ended,
And the lusty Bridegroome say,
Welcome light of all befriended.
Pace out you waterie powers below,
let your feete
Like the gallies when they row
even beate.
Let y our unknowne misasures set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come immortall great,
To honour this great Nuptuall.

The Measure.

Second Song.

Hold back thy houres old night till we haue done,
The day will come too soone,
Young Maydes will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their loses open to the day,
Stay, Stay, and hide
the blushes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night and with thy darkenesse couer.
the kisses of her lover.
Stay and confound her teares and her loud cryings,

Her.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Her weake denials yowes and often dyings,
Stay and hide all,
but helpe not if she call.
Maskers daunce, Neptune leads it

E O L. Ho Neptune.

NE P. Eolus.

E O L. The sea goes hie,
Boreas has rais'd a storme, goe and apply
Thy trident, else I prophesie ere day,
Many a tall ship will be cast away,
descend with all the gods, and all their powre
To strike a calme.

C I N T H. We thanke you for this houre,
My fauour to you all to gratulate
So great a seruice done at my desire,
Ye shall haue many floods fuller and higher
Then you haue wisht for, and no eb shall dare,
To let the day see where your dwellings are.
Now back vnto your gouernments in hast,
Leaft your proud waters should swell aboue the wast,
And w in vpon the Iland. Exeunt Maskers.

NE P T. We obey.

Descend.

C I N. Hold vp thy head dead night seest thou not day,
The East begins to lighthen I must downe.
And giue my brother place.

N I G H T. Oh I could frowne.

To see the day, the day that flings his light
Vpon my king dome, and conteynnes olde night,
Let him goe on, and flame, I hope to see
Another wild fire in his axeltree,
And all fall drencht, but I forget, speake Queene,
The day growes on, I dare no more be seene.

C I N. Once heauy thy drowsie head agen and see
A greater light a greater Maiestie
Betweene our sect and vs, lash vp thy teame
The day breaks here, and yon sun flaring stremme
Shot from the south, say which way wilt thou goe:

The Maydes Tragedy.

NIGHT. Ile vanish into mists.

Exeunt.

CINTH. Adew.

KING. Take light their Ladys, get the Bride to bed,
We will not see you laid, good night Amintor,
Weele ease you of that tedious ceremony,
Were it my case I should thinke time runne slow
If thou beest noble youth, get me a boy
That may defend my Kingdomes from my foes.

AMINT. All happinesse to you.

KING. Good night Melantius. ~

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladys.

DUL. Madame shall we vndresse you for this fight,
The wars are nak't that you must make to night.

EVAD. You are merry Dula.

DUL. I should be far merrier Madame, if it were with me
As it is with you.

EVAD. Howes that? (you doe.

DUL. That I might goe to bed with him with credit that

EVAD. Why how now wench.

DUL. Come Ladys, will you helpe.

EVAD. I am soone vndone.

DUL. And as soone done,
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

EVAD. Art thou drunke Dula.

DUL. Why heres none but we.

EVAD. Thou thinkst belike there is no modesty
When we're alone.

DUL. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts right.

EVAD. You prick me Madame.

1. LAD. Tis against my will.

DUL. Anon you must indure more and lie still,
Tis best to practise.

EVAD. Sure this wench is mad.

DUL. No faith, this is a trick that I haue had

Since

The Maydes Tragedy.

Since I was foureteene.

E V A D. Tis time to leaue it.

D V L. Nay now ile keepe it till the trick leaue me,
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you liuelier in your husbands bed.

E V A D. Nay faith then take it.

D V L. Take it Madame, where,
We all will take it I hope that are here.

E V A D. Nay then ile giue you ore.

D V L. So will I make

The ablest man in Rhodes or his heart ake.

E V A D. Wilt lie in my place to night.

D V L. Ile hold your cards against any two I know.

E V A D. What wilt thou doe.

D V L. Madame weeke doo't and make'm leaue play too.

E V A D. *Aspatia* take her part.

D V L. I will refuse it,

She will pluck downe aside, she does not vse it.

E V A D. Doe I prethee.

D V L. You will finde the play

Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

E V A D. I thanke thee *Dula*, would thou coulst infill
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*,

Nothing but sad thoughts in her brest doe dwell,
Me thinkes a meane betwixt you would doe well.

D V L. She is in loue, hang me if I were so,

But I could run my Countrey I loue too,

To doe those things that people in loue doe.

A S P. It were a timelessse smile should proue my cheeke,

It were a fitter houre for me to laugh,

When at the Alter the religious Priest,

Were passifying the offended powers,

With sacrifice, then now, this shold haue beeene

My right, and all your hands haue bin imployd,

In giuing me a spotlesse offering

To young *Amintors* bed, as we are now,

For you pardon *Enadne*, would my worth

Were

The Maydes Tragedy.

Were great as yours, or that the King or he
Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthlesse,
But till he did so, in these eares of mine,
These credulons eares, he powred the sweetest words
That art or loue could frame, if he were false
Pardon it heauen, and if I did want
Vertue, you safely may forgiue that too,
For I haue lost none that I had from you.

E V A D. Nay leaue this sad talke Madame.

A S P. Would I could, then I should leaue the cause.

E V A D. Loe if you haue not spoild all *Dulas* mirth.

A S P. Thou thinkst thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught
remember me; thou shalt perceiue a fire
shot suddenly vnto thee.

D V L. Thats not so good, let 'em shoot any thing
but fire, and I feare i'm not.

A S P. Well wench thou must be taken.

E V A D. Ladies good night, Ile doe the rest my selfe.

D V L. Nay let your Lord doe some.

A S P. Madame good night, may all the mariage ioyes
That longing maides imagine in their beds

Proue so vnto you, may not discontent
Grow twixt your loue and you, but if there doe,

Enquire of me and I will guide your mone,

And teach you an artificiall way to grieue,
To keepe your sorrow waking, loue your Lord
No worse then I, but, if you loue so well,

Alas you may displease him, so did I,

This is the last time you shall looke on me:

Ladies farewell, as soone as I am dead,

Come all and watch one night about my hearse.

Bring each a mournefull storie and a teare,

To offer at it when I goe to earth;

With flattering Iuy claspe my coffin round,

Write on my brow my fortune, let my beere

Be borne by Virgins that shall sing by course,

The truth of maides, and periuries of men.

E V A D.

The Maydes Tragedy.

E V A D. Alas I pittie thee.

Exit Eusadne.

O M N E S. Madarne good night.

I. L A D. Come weeble let in the Bridegroom.

D V L. Where's my Lord?

I. L A D. Here take this light.

Enter Amintor.

D V L. Heels finde her in the darke.

I. L A D. Your Ladys scarce a bed, you must helpe her.

A S P. Goe and be happy in your Ladys loue,

May all the wrongs that you haue done to me,

Be vtterly forgotten in my death,

Ile trouble you no more, yet I will take

A parting kisse, and will not be denied,

You'le come my Lord and see the virgins weepe,

When I am laid in earth; though you your selfe

Can know no pittie, thus I winde my selfe

Into this willow garland, and am prouder

That I was once your loue, (though now refus'd)

Then to haue had another true to me.

So with praiers I leaue you, and must trie

Some, yet vnpractis'd way to grieue and die.

D V L. Come Ladies will you goe.

Exit Aspatie.

I. L A D. Good night my Lord.

A M I N. Much happinesse vnto you all.

I did that Lady wrong me thinkes I feele

A griefe shoot suddenly through all my veines,

Mine eyes raine, this is strange at such a time,

It was the King first mou'd me too't, but he

Has not my will in keeping, — why did I

perplex my selfe thus; something whispers me,

Goe not to bed, my guilt is not so great

as mine owne consciencee, too sencible

Would make me thinke, I onely breake a promise,

And twas the King inforst me, timerous flesh,

Why shakst thou so, away my idle feares, Enter Eusadne

Yonder is she, the Inster of whose eie,

Can blot away the sad remembrance

Of all these things: — oh my Eusadne spare

D

Thas

The Maydes Tragedy.

That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapors of the night shall not fall here,
To bed my loue, *Hymen* will punish vs,
For being slack performers of his rights,
Camſt thou to call me.

E V A D. No?

A M I N T. Come, come, my loue,
And let vs loose our ſelues to one another,
Why art thou vp ſo long.

E V A D. I am not well.

A M I N T. To bed, then let me wind thee in these *armes*,
Till I haue banished ſickneſſe.

E V A D. Good my Lord I cannot ſleepe.

A M I N. *Euandry* weeke watch, I meane no ſleeping.

E V A D. Ile not goe to bed.

A M I N. I prethee doe.

E V A D. I will not for the world.

A M I N. Why my deere loue,

E V A D. Why? I haue ſworne I will not.

A M I N. Sworne! E V A D. I?

A M I N. How? I ſworne *E nadre*.

E V A D. Yes, ſworne *Amintor*, and will ſwear againe.
If you will wiſh to heare me.

A M I N. To whom haue you ſworne this.

E V A D. If I ſhould name him the matter were not great.

A M I N. Come, this is but the coynesse of a bride.

E V A D. The coynesse of a bride.

A M I N. How prettily that frowne becomes thee.

E V A D. Doe you like it ſo.

A M I N. Thou canſt not drefſe thy face in ſuch a looke,
But I ſhall like it.

E V A D. What looke will like you beſt.

A M I N. Why doe you aſke.

E V A D. That I may ſhew you one leſſe pleaſing to you,

A M I N. Howes that.

E V A D. That I may ſhew you one leſſe pleaſing to you.

A M I N. I prethee put thy ieſts in milder lookeſ,

The Maydes Tragedy.

It shewes as thou wert angry.

E V A D. So perhaps I am indeede.

A M I N. Why, who has done thee wrong,
Name me the man, and by thy selfe sweete loue,
Thy yet vnconquered selfe, I will reuenge it.

E V A D. Now I shall trie thy truth, if thou doest loue me.
Thou waighst not any thing compar'd to me,
Life, hononr, ioyes eternall, all delights
The world can yeeld, are light as aire
To a true louer when his Lady frownes,
And bids him doe this, wilt thou kill this man,
Sweare my Amintor, and ile kisse the sun
Of thy lips.

A M I N. I woonot swear sweet loue, till I know the cause.

E V A D. I wood thou wouldest,
Why, it is thou that wrongst me, I hate thee,
Thou should'st haue kild thy selfe.

A M I N. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

E V A D. Know it, and doo't.

A M I N. Oh no, what looke so ere thou should'st put on,
To trie my faith, I cannot thinke thee false,
I cannot finde one blemish in thy face
Where falsehood should abide, leaue, and to bed,
If you haue sworne to any of the virgins
That were your olde companions to preserue
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this meanes.

E V A D. A maidenhead Amintor at my yeares.

A M I N. Sure she raues, this cannot be,
Her naturall temper, shall I call thy maides,
Either thy healthfull sleepe hath left thee long,
Or else some feauer rages in thy blood.

E V A D. Neither of these, what thinke you I am mad,
Because I speake the truth.

A M I N. Is this the truth, wil you not lie with me to night.

E V A D. You talke as if you thought I would hereafter.

The Maydes Tragedy.

A M I N. Hereafter, yes I doe.

E V A D. You are deceiu'd, put off amazement & with patience
What I shall vtter, for the Oracle (ence mark,

Knowes nothing truer, tis not for a night

Or two that I forbear your bed, but euer,

A M I N. I dreame, — awake Amintor.

E V A D. You heare right,

I sooner would finde out the beds of Snakes,
And with my youthfull blood warme their cold flesh,
Letting them curle themselues about my limbes,
then sleepe one night with thee; this is not faind,
Nor sounds it like the kisses of a bride.

A M I N. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this,
Are these the joyes of mariage, *Hymen* keepe
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all eares.

Let it not rise vp for thy shame and mine
To after ages, we will scorne thy lawes,
If thou no better blesse them, touch the heart
Of her whom thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know this, not an altar then will smoake

In praise of thee, we will adopt vs sonnes,
Then vertue shall inherit and not blood,
If we doe lust, we'll take the next we meet;
Seruing our selues as other creatures doe,
And neuer take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue: I doe rage in vaine,
She cannot iest; Oh pardon me my loue,

So deare the thoughts are which I hold of thee,
That I must breake forth; satisfie my feare,
It is a paine beyond the paine of death,
To be in doubt; confiue it with an oath,
If this be true.

E V A D. Doe you inuent the forme,
Let there be in it all the binding wordes
Diuels and coniurers can put together,
And I will take it, I haue sworne before,

And

The Maydes Tragedy.

And here by all things holy doe againe,
Neuer to be acquainted with thy bed,
Is your doubt ouer now.

A M I N. I know too much, would I had doubted still,
Was euer such a mariage night as this :
You powers aboue, if you did euer meane
Man should be vs'd thus, you haue thought a way
How he may beare himselfe, and saue his honour :
Instant me with it, for to my dull eyes
There is no meane, no moderate course to runne,
I must haue scorn'd or be a murderer :
Is there a third, why is this night so calme,
Why does not heauen speake in thundet to vs,
And drowne their voyce.

E V A D. This rage will doe no good.

A M I N. *Euidne*, heare me, thou haft tane an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keepe it were
Worse then to sweare it, call it backe to thee,
Such vowes as that neuer ascead the heauen,
A teare or two will wash it quite away,
Haue mercy on my youth, my hopefull youth,
If thou be pittifull, for without boast
This land was proud of me, what Lady was there
That men eald faire, and vertuous in this Isle
That would haue shund my loue, it is in thee
To make me hold this worth — Oh we vaine men
That trust all our reputation
To rest vpon the weake and yeelding hand
Offeable woman, but thou art not stome,
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doe dwell
The spirit of loue, thy heart cannot be hard,
Come leade me from the bottome of dispaire,
To all the ioyes thou hast, I know thou wilt,
And make me carefull least the sudden change,
Ore-come my spirits.

E V A D. When I call back this oath, the paines of hell
inuiron me.

The Maydes Tragedy.

A M I N. I sleepe and am to temporate, come to bed,
Or by those haires which if thou hast a soule; like to thy
Were threads for Kings to weare (locks,
About their armes.

E V A D. Why so perhaps they are.

A M I N. Ile dragge thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Vndoe this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
Ile print a thousand wounds to let out life.

E V A D. I feare thee not, doe what thou darst to me,
Euery ill sounding word, or threatening looke
Thou shewest to me, will be reueng'd at full.

A M I N. It will not sure Euadne.

E V A D. Doe not you hazard that.

A M I N. Ha ye your Champions.

E V A D. Alas Amintor thinkit thou I forbearre
To sleepe with thee, because I haue put on
A maidens strictnesse, looke vpon these cheekes,
And thou shalt finde the hot and rising blood
Vnapt for such a vow, no, in this heare
There dwels as much desire, and as much will,
To put that wished act, as euer yet
Was knowne to woman, and they haue been showne
Both, but it was the folly of thy youth,
To thinke this beauty, to what land soe're
It shall be cald, shall stoope to any seconde,
I doe enjoy the best, and in that height
Haue sworne to stand or die, you guesse the man.

A M I N. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into mōtes,
And scatter it before the Northen winde.

E V A D. You dare not strike him.

A M I N. Doe not wrong me so,
Yes, if his body were a poysonus plant,
That it were death to touch, I haue a soule
Will throw me on him.

E V A D. Why tis the King.

A M I N. The King.

E V A D

The Maydes Tragedy.

E V A D. What will you doe now?

A M I N. It is not the King.

E V A D. What did he make this match for dull *Amintor.*

A M I N. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts reuengefull, in that sacred word,

The King, there lies a terror, what fraile man
Dares lift his hand against it, let the Gods
Speake to him when they please, till when let vs
Suffer, and waite.

E V A D. Why should you fill your selfe so full of heate,
And hast so to my bed, I am no virgin.

A M I N. What Diuell hath put it in thy fancy then
To mary me.

E V A D. Alas, I must haue one
To father children, and to beare the name
Of husband to me, that my sinne may be
More honorable.

A M I N. What strange thing am I?

A miserable one, one that my selfe,
Am sory for.

A M I N. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pittie, though thy loue be none,
Kill me, and all true louers that shall loue
In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall blesse thy memorie, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy breast was found,
To rid a lingring wretch.

E V A D. I must haue one
To fill thy roome agayne if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I could, I pity thee.

A M I N. These strange and sudden iniuries haue fallen
So thick vpon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are, me thinkes I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it — reputation
Thou art a word, no more, but thou hast showne
An impudence so high, that to the world

The Maydes Tragedy.

I feare thou wilt betray or shame thy selfe.

E V A D. To couer shame, I tooke thee neuer feare,
That I would blaze my selfe.

A M I N. Nor let the King

Know I conceiue he wrongs me, then mine honour

Will thrust me into action, that my flesh

Could beare with patience, and it is some ease

To me in these extreames, that I know this

Before I toucht thee, else had all the sinnes

Of mankinde stood betwixt me and the King,

I had gone through, e'ne to his hart and thine

I haue left one desire, tis not his crowne

Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolute

He has dishonour'd thee, giue me thy hand,

Be carefull of thy credit, and sinne close

Tis all I wish, vpon thy chamber floore

He rest to night, that morning visiters

May thinke we did as married people vse,

And prethee smile vpon me when they come,

And seeme to toy as if thou hadst beene pleas'd

With what I did.

E V A D. Feare not, I will doe this.

A M I N. Come let vs practise, and as wantonly
As euer longing bride and bridegrome met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

E V A D. I am content.

Downe all the swellings of my troubled heart,
When we walke thus intwind let all eyes see,
If euer louers better did agree.

Exit.

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, Olimpias.

A S P. Away you are not, force it no furthir,
Good, good, how well you looke, such a full colour
Young bashtfull brides put on, sure you are new maried.

A N T. Yes Madame to your griefe.

A S P. Alas poore wenchess

Goe learne to loue first, learne to lose your selues,
Learne to be flattered, and beleeue and blesse

The

The Maydes Tragedy.

The double tongue that did it,
Did you ere loue yet wenches, speake *Olimpas*,
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp.

O L M. Neuer.

A S P. Nor you *Antiphila*. A N T. Nor I.

A S P. Then my good girles be more then women wise,
At least, be more then I was, come lets be sad my girles,
That downe cast of thine eye *Olimpas*,
Showes a faind sorrow; marke *Antiphila*,
Iust such another was the Nymph *Oenes*,
When *Paris* brought home *Hellen*, now a teare,
And then thou art a peece expressing furie,
The *Carthage* Queene when from a cold Sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes,
To the faire *Troian* ships, hauing lost them,
Iust as thine does, downe stole a teare! *Antiphila*,
What would this weach doe if she were *Aspatia*,
Here she would stand, till some more, pittyng god
Turnd her to Marble, tis enough my wench,
Show me the peece of needle worke you wrought.

A N T. Of *Ariadne* Madame?

A S P. Yes that peece,
This should be *Thesens*, has a coufening face,
You ment him for a man.

A N T. He was so Madame.

A S P. Why then tis well enough, neuer looke black,
You haue a full wind, and a false heart *Thesens*,
Does not the story say, his Keele was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vestell.

A N T. Not as I remember.

A S P. It should ha been so, could the Gods know this,
And none of all their number raise a storine,
But they are all as ill, this faise smile was exprest well,
Iust such another caught me, you shall not goe so
Antiphila, in this place worke a quick-sand,
And ouer it a shallow smiling water,

The Maydes Tragedy.

And ouer it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship plowing it, and then a feare,
Doe that feare brauely wench.

O L I M. Twill wrong the storie.

A S P. Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton Poets,
Liue long and be beleu'd, but wheres the Lady.

A N T. There Madame.

A S P. Fie, you haue mist it there *Antipilia*,
You are much mistaken wench.

These colouris are not dull and pale enough,

To shew a soule so full of miserie

As this poore Ladies was, doe it by me,

Doe it againe, by me the lost *Aspatia*,

And you will find all true but the wilde Iland,

Suppose I stand vpon the Sea, breach now

Mine armes thus, and mine haire blowne with the wind,

Wilde as the place she was in, let all about me

Bateates of my story, doe my face,

If thou hadst euer feeling of a sorrow,

Thus, thus, *Antiphilia* make me looke good gitle.

Like sorrow es mount, and the trees about me

Let them be dry and leauelesse, let the rocks

Groane with contiuanall surges, and behind me

Make all a desolation, see, see wenches,

A miserable life of this poore picture.

O L I M. Dearé Madame.

A S P. I haue done, sit downe, and let vs

Vpon that point fixe all our eyes, that point there;

Make a dumbe silence vntill you feele a sudden sadnesse

Giu vs new soules.

Enter Calanax.

C A L. The King may doe this, and he may not doe ir,

My childe is wrongd, disgrac'd, well, how now huswives,

• What at your ease, is this a time to sit still, vp you young
Lazie whores, vp or ile swenge you.

O L I M. Nay good my Lord.

C A L. You'll lie downe shortly, in and whine there,
What are you growne so rustie you want heates,

We

The Maydes Tragedy.

We shall haue some of the Court boyes hear you shortly.

ANT. Good my Lord be not angry, we doe nothing
But what my Ladies pleasure is, we are thus in griefe,
She is forsaken..

CAL. Theres a rogue too,
A slie dissembling flau, well? get you in,
Ile haue about with that boy, us hie time
Now to be valiant, I confess my youth
Was neuer prone that way,
A Court stale, well I must be valiant,
And beate some dozen of these whelps, and theres
Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,
Ile maule that raschall, has out-brau'd me twice,
But now I thanke the Gods I am valiant,
Goe, get you in, ile take a course with all. Exeunt om.

Actus Tertius.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILVS.

CLE. Your sister is not vp yet.

DIPH. Our brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome.

STR A. But not tedious, (night.)

DIPH. What ods,hee has not my sisters maiden-head to

STR A. None, its ods against any bridegrome liuing, he
nere gets it while he liues.

DIPH. Yare merry with my sister, youle please to al-
low me the same freedome with your mother.

STR A. Shees at y our seruice.

DIPH. Then shees merry enough of herselfe, shee needs
no tickling, knock at the dore.

STR A. We shall interrupt them.

DIPH. No matter they haue the yeare before them,
good morrow sister, spare your selfe to day, the nigh
will come againe. Enter Amintor.

AMIN. Whose there my brother, I am no readier yet,
your sister is but now vp.

DIPH. You looke as you had lost your eyes to night, I
thinke

The Maydes Tragedy.

thinke you ha not slept.

A M I N. Ifaith I did not.

D I P H. You haue done better then.

A M I N. We haue ventured for a boy, when hee is twelue,
a shall command against the foes of Rhodes,
shall we be merry.

S T R A. You cannot, you want sleepe,

A M I N. Tis true, but she

As if she had drunke *Lethe*, or had made
Euen with heauen, did fetch so still a sleepe, aside.
So sweet and sound.

D I P. Whats that?

A M I N. Your sister frets this morning, and doth
turne her eyes vpon mee, as people on the heads-
man, she does chafe, and kisse and chafe, and clap
my cheeks, shices in another world.

D I P. Then I had lost, I was about to lay, you had not got
her maidenhead to night.

A M I N. Ha, does hee not mocke mee, y'd lost indeed
I doe not bungle.

C L E C. You doe deserue her.

A M I N. I laid my lips to hers, and that wilde breach-
That was so rude and rough to me, last night
Was sweete as Aprill, ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects. Enter Melantius.

M E L. Good day *Amintor*, for to me the name.

Of brother is too distant, we are friends,

And that is nearer.

A M I N. Deare *Melantius*,

Let me behold thee, is it possible.

M E L. What sudden gaze is this.

A M I N. Tis wondrous strange.

M E L. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view,
Of that it knowes so well? theres nothing here
That is not thine.

A M I N. I wonder much *Melantius*.

To see those noble lookes that make me thinke,

How

The Maydes Tragedy.

How vertuous thou art, and on this sudden
Tis strange to me, thou shouldest haue worth and honour;
Or not be base and false, and treacherous,
And every ill.

M E L. Say, stay my friend,
I feare this sound will not become our loues, no more em-

A M I N. Oh mistake me not, (brace me.

I know thee to be full of all those deeds,
That we fraile men call good, but by the course
Of nature thou shouldest be as quickly chang'd,
As are the windes dissembling, as the Sea,

That now weares browes as smooth as virgins be,

Tempting the Merchant to inuade his face,

And in an houre call his billowes vp,

And shoot em at the Sun, destroying all

A carries on him, Oh how neare am I

To utter my sicke thoughts. *afide.*

M E L. Why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

A M I N. I haue wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
enow for one whole familie, and it is strange,
That you should feele no want.

M E L. Beleeue me this is cōplement too cunning for me.

D I P. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They hauing both robd me of so much vertue.

S T R A. Oh call the bride my Lord *Amintor*, that wee may
see her blushi, and turne her eyes downe, it is the prettieſt
ſport.

A M I N. *Euadne.*

E V A D. My Lord. *Within.*

A M I N. Come forth my loue,
Your brothers doe attend to wish you ioy.

E V A D. I am not ready yet.

A M I N. Enough, enough,

E V A D. They le mocke me.

A M I N. Faith thou shalt come in. *Enter Euadne.*

M E L. Good morrow sister, he that vnderstands

Whom you haue wed, need not to wish you ioy,

The Maydes Tragedy.

You haue enough, take heed you be not proud.

DIPH. O sister what haue you done.

EVAD. Why what haue I done?

STRA. My Lord Aminter sweares you are no maid now.

EVAD. Push.

STRA. Ifaith he does.

EVAD. I knew I should be mockt.

DIPH. With a truth,

EVAD. If twere to do againe, in faith I would not mary.

AMIN. Nor I by heauen.

DIP. Sister, Dula sweares shee heard you cry two roomes

EVAD. Fie how you talke.

(off.)

DIPH. Lets see you walke.

EVAD. By my troth y'are spoild.

MEL. Amintor. AMIN. Ha.

MEL. Thou art sad.

AMIN. Who I, I thanke you for that, shall Diphilus thou and I sing a catch.

MEL. How? AMIN. Prethee lets.

MEL. Nay that's too much the other way,

AMIN. I am so heighned with my happinesse, how dost thou loue, kisse me.

EVAD. I connot loue you, you tell tales of me.

AMIN. Nothing but what becomes vs, Gentlemen

Would you had all such wiues, and all the world,

That I might be no wonder, y'are all sad,

What doe you enuie me, I walke me thinkes

On water, and nere sinke I am so light.

MEL. Tis well you are so.

AMIN. Well? can you be other when shee lookes thus,

Is there no musike there, lets dance.

MEL. Why? this is strange.

AMIN. I do not know my selfe, yet I could wish my joy

DIPH. Ile marrie if it will make one thus. (were lese.

EVAD. Amintor, halke.

Aside

AMIN. What sayes my loue I must obey.

EVAD. You doe it scuruiy, twill be perceiu'd.

Close

The Maydes Tragedy.

GLE. My Lord the King is here. Enter King & Lysip.

AMIN. Where. STRA. And his brother.

KING. Good morrow all.

Amintor Ioy on ioy fall thicke vpon thee,
But Madame you are alterd since I saw you,
I must salute you, you are now another,
How lik't you your nights rest. EVA D. Ill sir.

AMIN. Indeede she tooke but little.

LIS. You'le let her take more, & thanke her too shortly.

KING. Amintor were thou truely honost till thou were

AMIN. Yes sir. (married.)

KING. Tell me how then shewes the sport to you.

AMIN. Why well? KING. What did you doe.

AMIN. no more nor lesse then other couples yse,
You know what tis, it has but a course name.

KING. But prethee I should thinke by her black eie
And her red cheeke, she should be quick and stirring
In this same busynesse; ha?

AMIN. I cannot tell I ne're tried other sir, but I perceiue
She is as quick as you deliuered.

KING. Well youle trust me then Amintor,
To choose a wife for you agen.

AMIN. No neuer sir.

KING. Why like you this so ill.

AMIN. So well I like her,

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And vnto heauen will pay my graciefull tribute
Hourly, and doe hope we shall draw out,
A long contented life together here,
And die both full of gray haires in one day,
for which the thanks is yours, but if the powers
That rule vs, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her roome. ————— *Aside*

KING. I doe not like this; all forbear the roome
But you Amintor and your Lady, I haue some speech that
Concerne your after living well, (may

AMINTO.

The Maydes Tragedy.

AMIN. A will not tell me that he lies with her, if hee doe,
For it is apt to thrust this arme of mine to acts vnlawfull.
KING. You will suffer me to talke with her *Amintor*,
And not haue iealous pangs.

AMIN, Sir, I dare trust my wife,
When she dares to talke, and not be iealous.

KING. How doe you like *Amintor*.

EVAD. As I did sir. KING. Howes that?

EVAD. As one that to fulfill your pleasure,
I haue giuen leaue to call me wife and loue.

KING. I see there is no lasting faith in sin,
They that breake word with heauen, will breake agen
With all the world, and so doest thou with me.

EVAD. How sir.

KING. This subtle womans ignorance
Will not excuse you, thou hast taken oathes
So great, that me thought they did mis become
A womans mouth, that thou wouldest nere injoy
A man but me.

EVAD. I neuer did sweare so, you doe me wrong.

KING. Day and night haue heard it.

EVAD. I swore indeede that I would neuer loue
A man of lower place, but if your fortune
Should throw you from this hight, I bad you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your thron, I loue with my ambition,
Not with my eies, but if I euer yet
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here
Upon my face, which for your roialtie
I would not staine.

KING. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.

EVAD. Why, it is in me then, not to loue you, which will
More afflict your bodie, then your punishment can mine.

KING. But thou hast let *Amintor* lie with thee.

EVAD. I hannot.

KING. Impudence, he saies himselfe so.

EVAD.

The Maydes Tragedy.

E V A D. A lies. K I N G. A does not.

E V A D. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
Ile prooue it so, I did not onely shun him for a night,
But told him I would neuer close with him.

K I N G. Speake lower, tis false.

E V A D. I am no man to answer with a blow,
Or if I were, you are the King, but vrge not, tis most true.

K I N G. Doe not I know the vncoutrouled thoughts,
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high,
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for, is not his spirit

Though he be temperate, of a valiant straine
As this our age hath knowne, what could he doe
If such a suddaine speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for euer, if he had not kild thee
He could not beare it thus, he is as we
Or any other wrong'd man.

E V A D. This is dissembling,
Amstor, thou hast an ingenious looke,
And shouldest be vertuous, it amazeth me
That thou shouldest make such base malicious lies.

A M I N. What my deere wife.

E V A D. Deere wife, I doe despise thee,
Why nothing can be baser then to sow
Discention amongst louers,

A M I N. Louers? who.

E V A D. The King and I.

A M I N. Oh God.

E V A D. Who should liue long and loue without distast,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thy selfe,
Did you lie with me, swaere now, and be punisht in hell
For this.

A M I N. The faithlesse sin I made
To faire *Aspatia*, is not yet reueng'd,
It followes me, I will not loose a word
To this wilde wōman, but to you my King,
The anguish of my soule thrusts out this truth.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Y'are a tyrant, and not so much to wrong

An honest man thus, as to take a pride

In talking with him of it.

E V A D. Now sir, see how loud this fellow lies.

A M I N. You that can know to wrong, shold know how
Men must right themselves, what punishment is due,

From me to him that shall abuse my bed,

It is not death, nor can that satisfie,

Vnlesse I shew how nobly I haue freed my selfe.

K I N G. Draw not thy sword, thou knowst I cannot feate
A subiects hand, but thou shalt feele the weight
Of this if thou doest rage.

A M I N. The waite of that,

If you haue any worth, for heauens sake thinke

I feare not swords, for as you are meere man,

I dare as easily kill you for t his deede,

As you dare thinke to doe it, but there is

Divinitie about you, that strikes dead

My rising passions, as you are my King,

I fall before you and present my sword,

To cut mine owne flesh if it be your will,

Alas! I am nothing but a multitude of

walking grieses, yet should I murder you,

I might before the world take the excuse

Of madnesse, for compare my injuries,

And they will well appeare too fad a weight

For reason to endure, but fall I first

Amongst my sorrowes, ere my treacherous sword

Touch holy things, but why? I know not what

I haue to say, why did you choose out me

To make thus wretched, there are thousands

Easie to worke on, and of state enough

Within the Land.

E V A D. I wold not haue a foole, it were no credit for me,

A M I N T. Worse and worse,

Thou that darst talke vato thy husband thus,

Professe thy selfe a whore, and more then so,

Resolue

The Maydes Tragedy.

Resoule to be so still, is it my fault,
To beare and bow beneath a thousand grieves,
To keepe that little credit with the world,
But there were wise ones to, you might haue tane another,
K I N. No, for I beleue thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

A M I N. All the happinesse
Bestowd vpon me turnes into disgrace,
Gods take your honesty againe, for I
Am loaden with it, good my Lord the King
Be priuate in it.

K I N G. Thou maist liue *Amintor*,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt winke at this,
And be a meanes that we may meet in secret,
A M I N. A baud, hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse
Ceaze me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on an other word
Seconded like that, and through a Sea of sinnes
Will wade to my reuenge, though I should call
Plagues here, and after life, vpon my soule.

K I N G. Well, I am resolute, you lay with her,
And so I leaue you. *Exit King.*

E V A D. You must needs be prating, and see what follows.

A M I N. Prethee vex me not,
Leaue me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.

E V A D. I am gone, I loue my life well. *Exit Eudne.*

A M I N. I hate mine as much,
This tis to breake a troth, I should be glad,
If all this tide of grieve would make me mad. *Exit.*

Enter Melantius.

M E L. Ile know the cause of all *Amintors* grieves,
Or friendship shall be idle. *Enter Calianax.*

C A L. O *Melantius*, my daughter will die.

M E L. Trust me I am sory, would thou hadst tane her part.

C A L. Thou art a slau, a cut-throat slau, a bloody—

M E L. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rau,
And lose thine office.

The Maydes Tragedy.

C A L. I am valiant growne,
At all these yeates, and thou art but a slave.

M E L. Some companie will come, and I respect
Thy yeares, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

C A L. Ile spoile your mirth, I meane to fight with thee,
There lie my cloake, this was my fathers sword,
And he durst fight, are you prepar'd?

M E L. Why? wilt thou doate thy selfe out of thy life,
hence get thee to bed, haue carefull looking to, and
eate warme things, and trouble not mee, my head is
full of thoughts, more waighty then thy life or death
can be.

C A L. You haue a name in warre, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude, but I will try,
What you dare doe vnto a weake old man,
In single fight you'l give ground I feare,
Come draw.

M E L. I will not draw, vntesse thou pulst thy death
Vpon thee with a stroke, theres no one blow
That thou canst giue hast strength enough can kill me,
Tempt me not so far then, the power of earth
Shall not redeeme thee.

C A L. I must let him alone,
Hees stour, and able, and to say the truth,
How euer I may set a face and talke,
I am not valiant, when I was a youth
I kept my credit with a testlie tricke,
I had mongst cowards, but durst never fight.

M E L. I will not promise to preserue your life if you
doe stay.

C A L. I would giue halfe my land that I durst fighte
with that proud man alittle, if I had men to holde
him, I would beate him, till hee aske mee mer-
cie.

M E L. Sir will you begone?

C A L. I dare not stay, but I will beate my seruants all

The Maydes Tragedy.

ouer for this.

Exit Galianax.

M E L. This old fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine *Amintor*,
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cause,
I feare his conscience cries, he wrongd *Aspatia*.

Enter *Amintor*.

A M I N. Mans eyes are not subtile to perceiue
My inward miserie, I beare my griefe
Hid from the world, how art thou wretched then,
For ought I know all husbands are like me,
And every one I talke with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am, would I knew it for the rarenesse
Afflicts me now.

M E L. *Amintor*, we haue not enjoy'd our friendship of late,
for we were wont to charge our soules in talke.

A M I N. *Melantius*, I can tell the a good test of *Strato*,
and a Lady the last day.

M E L. How wast;

A M I N. Why such an odde one.

M E L. I haue longd to speake with you, not of an idle
iust that's forst, but of matter you are bound to vitter
to me.

A M I N. What is that my friend?

M E L. I haue obseru'd your wordes fall from your tongue
Wildeley, and all your carriage
Like one that striues to shew his merry moode,
When he were ill dispos'd, you were not wont
To put such scorne into your speech — yow weare
Vpon your face ridiculous iollity,
Some sadness sits heere, which your tongue would
Couver ore with smiles, and twill not be,
What is it?

A M I N. A sadness here, what cause
Can Fate prouide for me to make me so,
Am I not lou'd through all this Isle, the King
Raines greatnessse on me, haue I not received

The Maydes Tragedy.

A Lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeke
Immutable colour, in her heart
A prison for all vertue, are not you,
Which is aboue all ioyes, my constant friend :
What saddnesse can I haue, no, I am light,
And feele the courses of my blood more warme
And stirring then they were; faith marry too,
And you will feele so vnexprest a ioy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appeare another.

M E L. You may shape *Amintor*
Causes to cozen the whole world withall,
And your selfe too, and tis not like a friend,
To hide your soule from me, tis not your nature
To be thus idle, I haue seene you stand,
As you were blasted midst of all your mirth,
Calltrice aloud, and then start, fayning ioy
So coldly, world? what doe I here, a friend
Is nothing, heauen I would ha told that man
My secret sinnes, ile search an vnknowne land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here,
Come with a complement, I would haue fought,
Or told my friends a lied, ere soothd him so;
Out of my bosome.

A M I N. But there is nothing.

M E L. Worse and worse, farewell;
From this time haue acquaintance, but no friend.

A M I N. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

M E L. See how you plead with friendship, be aduis'd
How you giue cause vnto your selfe to say,
You ha lost a friend.

A M I N. Forgiue what I ha done,
For I am so ore-gon with miseries,
Vnheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do, —oh—oh.

M E L. Doe not weepe, what ist?

The Maydes Tragedy.

May I once but know the man

Hath turnd my friend thus.

A M I N. I had spoke at first, but that,

M E L. But what?

A M I N. I held it most vnfit

For you to know, faith doe not know it yet.

M E L. Thou seest my loue, that will keep company

With thee in teares, hide nothing then from me,

For when I know the cause of thy distemper,

With mine old armour ile adore my selfe,

My resolution, and cut through thy foes:

Vnto thy quiet, till I place thy heart

As peaceable as spotlesse innocencie;

What is it?

A M I N. Why tis this,—it is too bigge

To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

M E L. Punish me strangly heauen, if he scape

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

A M I N. Your sister.

M E L. Well sayd.

A M I N. You'l wisht vnowne when you haue heard it.

M E L. No.

A M I N. Is much to blame,

And to the King has giuen her honour vp,

And liues in whoredome with him.

M E L. How's this?

Thou art run mad with iniury indeed;

Thou couldst not vtter this, else speake againe,

For I forgiue it freely, tell thy grieses.

A M I N. Shees wanton, I am loth to say a whore,

Though it be true.

M E L. Speake yet againe, before mine anger grow

Vp beyond throwing downe, what are thy grieses?

A M I N. By all our friendship, these,

M E L. What, am I tame,

After mine actions, shall the name offriend,

Blot all our family, and stick the brand.

The Miydes Tragedy.

Of whore vpon my sister vnde ueng'd,
My shaking flesh be thou a witnesse for me,
With what vwillingnesse I goe to scourge
This rayler, whom my folly hath cald friend,
I will not take thee basely, thy sword
Hangs neere thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Tny rashnesse to repentance, draw thy sword.

A M I N. Not on thee, did thine anger goe as high
As troubled waters, thou shouls doe me ease,
Heere, and eternally, if thy noble hand,
Would cut me from my lotrowes.

M E L. This is base,
And fearefull, they that vse to vtter lies,
Prouide not blowes, but wordes to qualifie
The men they wrong'd, thou hast a guilty cause.

A M I N. Thou pleasest me, for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger vp aboue my grieses,
Which is a passion easier to be knowne,
And I shall then be blessed.

M E L. Take then more, to raise thine anger, tis meere
Cowardise makes thee not draw, & I will leau thee dead
How euer, but if thou art so much prest,
With guilt and feare, as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd, and fix a farewell
Vpon thy name for euer.

A M I N. Then I draw,
As iustly as our Magistrates their swords,
To cut offenders off; I knew before,
Twould grate your eares, but it was base in you
To vrge a waughty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it, I shall be at ease
If I be kild, and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out liue you.

M E L. Stay a while,
The name of friend, is more then familie,
Or all the world besides; I was a foole,
Thou searching humanc nature, that didst make

The Maydes Tragedy.

To doe me wrong thou art inquistive,
And thrusts me vpon questions that will take
My sleepe away, would I had died ere knowne
This sad dishonor, pardon me my friend,
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithfull heart,
Pearce it, for I will neuer heave my hand
To thine, behold the power thou hast in me,
I doe beleue my sister is a whore,
A leprous one, put vp thy sword young man.

A M I N T. How should I beare it then she being so,
I feare my friend that you will loose me shortly,
And I shall doe a foule act on my selfe
Through these disgraces.

M E L. Better halfe the land
Were buried quick together, no *Amintor*,
Thou shalt haue ease of this adulterous King
That drew her too't, where got he the spirit
To wrong me so.

A M I N. What is it then to me?
If it be wrong to you.

M E L. Why not so much, the credit of our houſe
Is throwne away,
But from his iron den ile waken death,
And hurle him on this King, my honestie
Shall Steele my sword, and on my horrid point
Ile weare my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be to glittering
For him to looke on.

A M I N. I haue quite vndone my fame.

M E L. Drie vp thy watrie eyes,
And cast a manly looke vpon my face,
For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend
Till I haue freed thee, still this swelling brest,
I goe thus from thee, and will neuer cease
My vengeance till I finde thy heart at peace.

A M I N. It must not be so, stay, mine eyes would tell
How loath I am to this, but loue and teares

The Maydes Tragedy.

Leaue me a while, for I haue hazarded
All that this world calls happy, thou hast wrought
A secret from me vnder name of friend,
Which art could neare haue found, nor torture wrong
From out this bosome, giue it me agen,
For I will finde it where so ere it lies
Hid in the mortal st part, inuent a way
To giue it backe.

M E L. Why? would you haue it backe,
I will to death persue him with reuenge.

A M I N. Therefore I call it frō thee, for I know (weapon
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this, take to thy

M E L. Heare thy friend that bears more yeares then thou.

A M I N. I will not heare, but draw, or I —

M E L. Amintor?

A M I N. Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame, and honor can inforce me,
I cannot linger, draw?

M E L. I doe, — but is not
My share of credit equall with thine,
If I doe stir.

A M I N. No? for it will be cald
Honor in thee to spill thy sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A braue reuenge, but on me that haue walke
With patience in it, it will fixe the name
Offearefull cuckold, — O that word,
Be quick.

M E L. Then ioyne with me.

A M I N. I dare not doe a sinne, or else I would be speedy.

M E L. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin,
His griefe distractes him, call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy selfe pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will worke, I will not fight.

A M I N. You must?

M E L. I will be kild first, though my passions
Offered the like to you, tis not this earth

Shall

The Maydes Tragedy.

Shall by my reason to it, thinke awhile
For you are, (I must weepe when I speake it,)
All most besides your selfe.

A M I N. Oh my soft temper,
So many sweete words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her,
To embrace and pardon her, I am mad indeede,
And know not what I doe, but haue a care
Of me in what thou doest.

(sauē)

M E L. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honor, or to
The brauerie of your house, will loose his fame
And feare to touch the throne of Maiestie.

A M I N. A curse will follow that, but rather liue
And suffer with me.

M E L. I will doe what worth shall bid me.

A M I N. Faith I am sicke, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus I feele a kiade of ease.

M E L. Come take agen your mirth about you.

A M I N. I shall neuer doo't.

M E L. I warrant you, looke vp, weeble walke together,
Put thine arme here, all shall be well agen.

A M I N. Thy loue, o wretched, I thy loue *Melantius*, why I
Haue nothing else.

Exeunt.

M E L. Be merry then.

Enter *Melantius* agen.

M E L. This worthie yong man may doe violence
Vpon himselfe, but I haue cherisht him
As well as I could, and sent him smilng from me
To countefit againe, sword hold thine edge,
My heart will neuer faile me? *Diphilus*,
Thou comit as sent.

Enter *Diphilus*.

D I P H. Yonder has bin such laughing.

M E L. Betwixt whom?

D I P H. Why our sister and the King,
I thought their spleenes would breake,
They laught vs all out of the roome.

M E L. They must weepe *Diphilus*.

D I P H. Must they?

The Maydes Tragedy.

M E L. They must? thou art my brother, & if I did beleue,
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

D I P H. You should not, I would first mangle my selfe &
 finde it. (thy hands,

M E L. That was spoke according to our strain, come joyne
And sweare a fiermenesse to what project I
Shall lay before thee,

D I P H. You doe wrong vs both,
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more then our loues to tie our liues
And deathes together,

M E L. It is as nobly said as I would wish,
Anon ile tell you wonders, we are wrong'd.

D I P H. But I will tell you now, weeke right our selues.

M E L. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house,
And what friends you can draw vnto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too,

Hast Diph: the time requires it, hast. Exit Diphilus.

I hope my cause is iust, I know my blood
Tels me it is, and I will credit it,
To take reuenge and loose my selfe withall,
Were idle, and to scape, impossible,
Without I had the fort, which miserie
Remaining in the hands of my olde enemy

Calianax, but I must haue it, see Enter Calianax.

Where he comes shaking by me, good my Lord
Forget your spleene to me, I neuer wrong'd you,
But would haue peace with euery man.

C A L. Tis well?

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

M E L. Y'are touchie without all cause.

C A L. Doe? mock me.

M E L. By mine honor I speake truth.

C A L. Honor? where ist.

M E L. See what starts you make into your idle hatred,
I am come with resolution to obtaine a sute.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Of you.

C A L. A sute of me, tis very like it should be granted sir.

M E L. Nay, goe not hence,

Tis this, you haue the keeping of the fort,

And I would wish you by the loue you ought

To beare vnto me to deliuer it

Into my hands.

C A L. I am in hope thou art mad, to talke to me thus.

M E L. But there is a reason to moue you to it, I would

Kill the King, that wrong'd you and your daughter.

C A L. Out traitor.

M E L. Nay but stay, I cannot scape the deede once done
Without I haue this fort.

C A L. And should I help thee, now thy treacherous mind
betraies it selfe.

M E L. Come delay me not,

Giue me a suddaine answere, already,

The last is spoke, refuse my offerd loue,

When it comes clad in secrets.

C A L. If I say I will not, be will kill me, I doe see't writ
In his lookes, and should I say I will, heele run and tell the
King: I doe not shun your friendship deere *Melantius*,
But this cause is weightie, giue me but an houre to thinke.

M E L. Take it, — I know this goes vnto the King,
But I am arm'd.

Exit Melantius.

C A L. Me thinkes I feele my selfe

But twenty now agen, this fighting foole

Wants policie, I shall reuenge my gire,

And make her red againe, I pray, my legges

Will last that pace that I will carrie them,

I shall want breath before I finde the King,

Actus Quartus.

Enter MELANTIVS, EVADNE, and a Lady.

M E L. God sauе you.

M E V A D N E. Sauē you sweete brother,

The Maydes Tragedy.

M E L. In my blunt eye me thinkes you looke Euadne.
EVAD. Come, you would make me blush.

M E L. I would Euadne, I shall displease my ends els.
EVAD. You shall if you command me, I am bashfull,
Come sir, how doe I looke.

M E L. I would not haue your women heare me
Breake into a commendations of you, it is not seemely.

EVAD. Goe waite me in the gallerie, — now speake.
M E L. Ile lock your dores first. Exit Ladys

EVAD. Why?

M E L. I will not haue your guilded things that daunce
In visitation with their millan skins
Choake vp my businesse.

EVAD. You are strangely dispos'd sir.

M E L. Good Madame, not to make you merty.

EVAD. No, if you praise me twill make me sad.

M E L. Such a sad commendations I haue for you.

EVAD. Brother, the Court has made you wittie,
And learne to riddle.

M E L. I praise the Court for't, has learnt you nothing.

EVAD. Me?

M E L. I Euadne, thou art yong and hansom,
A Lady of a sweete complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdome.

EVAD. Gentle brother.

M E L. Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

EVAD. How is this.

M E L. Tis base,
And I could blush at these yeares, through all
My honord scars: to come to such a parlie.

EVAD. I understand ye not.

M E L. You dare not foole,
They that commit thy faults flie the remembrance.

EVAD. My faults sir, I would haue you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

M E L.

The Maydes Tragedy.

M E L. Thy body is to little for the storie,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.

E V A D. This is fauie,
Looke you intrude no more, theres your way.

M E L. Thou art my way, and I will tread vpon thee,
Till I finde truth out.

E V A D. What truth is that you looke for?

M E L. Thy long lost honor, would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts, come tell me quickly,
Doe it without inforcement, and take heede
You swell me not aboue my temper.

E V A D. How sir? where got you this report.

M E L. Where there was people in every place.

E V A D. They and the seconds of it are base people,
Beleeue them not, theile lie.

M E L. Doe not play with mine anger, doe not wretch,
I come to know that desperate foole, that drew thee
From thy faire life, be wile and lay him open.

E V A D. Vnhand me and learne manners, such another
Forgetfulness for fits your life.

M E L. Quench me this mighty humor, and then tell me
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it,
Let all mine honors perish but ile finde him,
Though he lie lockt vp in thy blood, come tell me,
There is no facing it, and be not flattered,
The burnt aire when the dog raines, is not fouler.
Then thy contagious name, till thy repentance,
If the gods grant thee any, purge thy sicknesse.

E V A D. Begon, you are my brother that's your safy.

M E L. Ile be a woulfe first, tis to be thy brother.

An infamy below the sin of coward,
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue, seeke a kindred
Mongst sensuall beasts, and make a goate thy father,
A goate is cooler, will you tell me yet.

E V A D.

The Maydes Tragedy.

E V A D. If you stay here and raile thus, I shall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt, get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,

And tell the what a braue man you are, I shal laugh at you.

M E L. Y'are growne a glorious whore, where bee your
Fighters, what mortall foole durst raise thee to this daring,
And I aliuie, by my iust sword, ha'd Safer

Bestride a billow when the angry North

Plowes vp the sea, or made heauens fire his foe,

Worke me no hier, will you discouer yet.

E V A D. The fellowes mad, sleepe and speake sence.

M E L. Force my swolne heart no further, I would saue
thee, your great maintainers are not here, they dare not,
would they were al, and armed, I would speake loud, heres
one should thunder to 'em, will you tell me.

E V A D. Let me consider.

M E L. Doe, whose child thou wert,
Whose honor thou hast murdered, whose graue opened,
And so pul'd on the gods, that in their iustice
They must restore him flesh agen and life,
And raise his drie bones to reuenge this scandall.

E V A D. The gods are not of my minde, they had better
Let 'em lie sweete still in the earth, theile stinke here.

M E L. Doe you raise mirth out of my easinessse,
Forsake me then all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women, speake you whore, speake truth,
Or by the deare soule of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy louer, tell or ile kill thee,
And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserue it.

E V A D. You will not murther me.

M E L. No, tis a iustice and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.

E V A D. Help?

M E L. By thy foule selfe, no humaine help shall help thee,
If thou criest, when I haue kild thee, as I haue
Vow'd to doe, if thou confess not, naked as thou hast left
Thine honor, will I leaue thee,

That

The Maydes Tragedy.

That on thy branded flesh the world may reade
Thy blacke shame and my iustice, wilt thou bend yet ?

Euad. Yes.

Mel. Up and beginne your storie.

Euad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. Tis true, thou art, speake truth still.

Euad. I haue offended, noble Sir forgiue me.

Mel. With what secure flauue ?

Euad. Doe not aske me Sir,

Mine owne remembrance is a miserie

Too mightie for me.

Mel. Doe not fall backe agen, my sword's unsheathed yet.

Euad. What shall I doe ?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault lesse.

Euad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or ile be this day a killing thee.

Euad. Will you forgiue me then ?

Mel. Stay I must aske mine honour first, I haue too much
foolish nature in me, speake.

Euad. Is there no more here ?

Mel. None but a fearfull conscience, that's too many.

Who ist ?

Euad. The King.

Mel. My worthy fathers and my seruices

Are liberally rewarded, King I thanke thee :

For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me

In my owne metall, these are souldiers thankes.

How long haue you liued thus *Euadne* ?

Euad. Toolong, too late I finde it.

Mel. Can you be very sorry ?

Euad. Would I were halfe as blamelesse,

Mel. Wot an thou wilst not to thy trade againe.

Euad. First to my graue.

Mel. Would gods thou hadst beene so blest.

Dost thou not hate this King now ? prethee hate him,

Has sunke thy faire soule, I command thee curse him,

Curse till the gods heare and deliuer him

The Maydes Tragedy.

To thy iust wishes, yet I feare Euadne
You had rather play your game out.
Euad. No I feele

Too many sad confusions here to let in
Any loose Name hereafter.

Mel. Dost thou not feele amongst al those one braue anger
That breakes out nobly, and directs thine arme
To kill this base King?

Euad. All the gods forbid it.

Mel. No al the gods require it, they are dishonored in him.
Euad. Tis too fearfull.

Mel. Yarevaliant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and haue your Madams name,
Discourse for groomes and pages, and hereafter
When his coole Maiestie hath laid you by
To be at pension with some needie Sir
For meat and courser cloathes, thus farre you had no feare.
Come you shall kill him.

Euad. Good Sir.

Mel. And twere to kisse him dead, thoudst smother him.
Be wise and kill him, canst thou liue and know
What noble minds shall make thee see thy selfe,
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this thy ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not liue thus, kneele and swaere to helpe me
When I shall call thee to it, or by all
Holy in heauen and earth thou shalt not liue
To breathe a foule houre longer, not a thought.
Come tis a righteous oath, giue me thy hand,
And boch to heauen held vp, swaere by that wealth
This lustfull theefe stole from thee, when I lay it,
To let his foule soule out.

Euad. Here I swaere it,
And all you spirits of abused Ladies,
Help me in this performance.

Mel. Enough, this must be knowne to none

But

The Maydes Tragedy.

But you and I *Euadne*, not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dare step as farre into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as farre as iustice.

Aske me not why. Farewell.

Exe. Mel.

Euad. Would I could say so to my blacke disgrace,
Gods where haue I beene all this time; how friended,
That I should lose my selfe thus desperately,
And none for pitie shew me how I wanded.

There is not in the compasse of the light

A more vnhappy creature, sure I am monstrous,
For I haue done those follies those mad mischieves
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soule,
Be not so cruell to me, choake not vp *Enter Amintor.*
The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

Amint. How now?

Euad. My much abused Lord.

Kneele.

Amint. This cannot be.

Euad. I doe not kneele to liue, I dare not hope it,
The wrongs I did are greater, looke vpon me
Though I appeare with all my faults.

Amint. Stand vp.

This is a new way to beget more sorrowes,
Heauen knowes I haue too many, doe not mocke me,
Though I am tame and bred vp with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leape
I like a hand-wolfe into my naturall wildnesse,
And doe an outrage, prethee doe not mocke me.

Euad. My whole life is so Icaprous it infects
All my repentance, I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life,
That sleight contrition, that ; no sacrifice
For what I haue committed.

Amint. Sure I dazole.

There cannot be A faith in that foule woman
That knowes no God more mighty then her mischieves,
Thou doest still worse, sti. I number on thy faults,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To presse my poore heart thus. Can I beleue
Theres any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shoot vp, that dares goe on in sinne
Knowne and so knowne as thine is, *O Euadne*,
Would there were any safetie in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrowes off,
And credit thy repentance, but I must not,
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamitie,
To that strange misbeleefe of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I feare
I shall fall like a tree, and finde my graue,
Only remembiring that I grieue.

Euad. My Lord,

Giue me your grieses, you are an innocent,
A soule as white as heauen, let not my sinnes
Perish your noble youth, I doe not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my teares
As all say women can, or to make leſſe
What my hot will hath done, which heauen and you
Knowes to be tougher then the hand of time
Shall cut from mans remembrance, no I doe not,
I doe appeare the ſame, the ſame *Euadne*,
Dreſt in the ſhames I liu'd in, the ſame monſter.
But theſe are names of honour to what I am,
I doe preſent my ſelfe the fouleſt creature,
Moſt poiſonous, dangerous, and diſpide of men
Lerna ere bred or *Nilus*, I am hell,
Till you my deare Lord ſhoot your light into me,
The beameſ of your forgiueneffe, I am ſoule ſickē,
And wither with the feare of one condeſned,
Till I haue got your pardon.

Amint. Rife *Euadne*.

Those heauenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it, I forgiue thee
Make thy ſelfe worthy of it, and take heed
Take heed *Euadne* this beſerious
Mocke not the powers aboue that can, and dare

Giue

The Maydes Tragedy.

Giue thee a great example of their iustice
To all insuing eies, if thou plai'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Euad. I haue done nothing good to get beleife,
My life hath beene so faithlesse, all the Creatures
Made for heauens honors haue their ends, and good ones
Albut the coufening *Crocodiles* false women.

They raigne here like those plagues, those killing soares
Men pray against, and when they die, like tales
Iltold, and vnbelei'd they passe away,
And go to dust forgotten : But my Lord
Those short daies I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me,) shall though too late,
Though in my euening, yet perceiue a will
Since I can doe no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is neere it,
I will redeeme one minute of my age,
Or like another *Niobe* ile weepe
Till I am water.

Amint. I am dissoluied.

My frozen soule melts, may each sin thou haft,
Finde a new mercy, rise, I am at peace :
Hadst thou beene thus, thus excellently good
Before that devill King tempted thy frailty
Sure thou hadst made a Star, giue methy hand
From this time I will know thee, and as far
A shounre giues me leaue, be thy *Amintor*,
When we meeete next I will salute thee fairely,
And pray the gods to giue thee happy daies,
My Charity shall go along with thee
Though my embraces must be far from thee,
I shoule ha' kild thee, but this sweete repentance
Lockes vp my vengeance, for which, thus I kisse thee
The last kisse we must take, and would to heauen
The holy Preist that gaue our hands together,
Had giuen vs equall virtues, go *Euadne*
The gods thus part our bodies, haue a care

The Maydes Tragedy.

My honour falleth no further, I am well then.

Euad. All the deare ioyes here, and aboue hereafter
Crown thy faire soule, thus I take leaue my Lord,
And neuer shall you see the foale *Euadne*
Till she haue tried all honoured meanes that may
Set her in rest, and wash her staines away. *Exeunt.*

Hoboies play within.

Banquet. Enter King, *Calianax.*

K. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemie.

Call. I am sure he said it to me, and ile iustifie it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he breake without all circumstance
To you his Foe, that he would haue the fort
To kill me, and then scape.

Call. If he deny it, ile make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.

Call. I so does euery thing I say of late.

King. Not so *Calianax.*

Call. Yes I should sit

Mutewhilsta Rogue with strong armes cuts your throate.

King. Well I will trike him, and if this be true

Ile pawne my life ile finde it, ist be false

And that you cloath your hate in such a lie

You shall hereafer doate, in your owne house,

Not in the Court.

Call. Why if it be a lie

Mine eares are falle, for I besworne I heard it,

Old men are good for nothing, you were best

Put me to dea h for hearing, and free him

For meaning it, you would a trusted me

Once, but the time is altered.

King. And will still where I may doe with iustice to the
world, you haue no witnesse.

Call. Yes my selfe.

King. No more I meane there were that heard it.

Call. How no more? would you haue more? why am not

The Maydes Tragedy.

I enough to hang a thousand Rogues.

King. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Call. I may, tis like I will doe so, there are a hundred will
sweare it for a need too, if I say it.

King. Such witnesses we need not.

Call. And tis hard if my word cannot hang a boisterous

King. Enough, where's *Strato.* (knaue.

Strat. Sir

Enter Strat.

King. Why wheres all the Company? call *Amintor* in

Euadne, wheres my brother, and *Melantius*,

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*, call all

Exit Strat.

That are without there, if he should desire

The combat of you, tis not in the power

Of all our lawes to hinder it, valesse -

We meane to quit 'em.

Call. Why if you doe thinke

Tis fit an old man, and a Counsellor

To fight for what hesaies, then you may grant it.

Enter Amintor, Euadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lysipus, Cle. Strat.

King. Come sirs, *Amintor* thou art yet a Bridegroome,

And I will vse thee so, thou shalt sit downe,

Euadne sit, and you *Amintor* too

This banquet is for you sir, who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter

Amongst our wine, why *Strato* where art thou

Thou wilt chopt out with them vnseasonably

When I desire 'em not.

Strat. Tis my ill lucke Sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a boule of wine, *Melantius* thou art sad.

Mel. I should be Sir the merricst here,

But I ha nere a story of mine owne

worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the wine.

Melantius I am now considering

How easie twere for any man we trust

To poysone one of vs in such a boule.

Mel. I thinke it were not hard Sir, for a Knaue.

Cal.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. Ifaith twere easie, it becomes vs well
To get plaine dealing men about our selues,
Such as you all are here, Amintor to thee
And to thy faire Euadne.

Mel. Haue you thought of this Callianax.

Cal. Yes marry haue I.

Mel. And what's your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall haue it soundly I warrant you.

King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.

Amint. Here my loue,

This wine will doe thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes vpon thy cheeke, and till thou dost
A fault twere pitty.

King. Yet I wonder much

Of the strange desperation of these men
That dare attempt such acts here in our state,
He could not scape that did it.

Mel. Were he knownne, vnpossible.

King. It would be knownne Melantius.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away
He must weare all our liues vpon his sword,
He need not hie the land, he must leaue
No one aliue.

King. No I should thinke no man

Could kill me and scape cleare but that old man.

Cal. But I ? haue blesse me, I, should I my liege ?

King. I doe not thinke thou wouldest but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the meanes to scape,
By keeping of the fort, he has Melantius,
And he has kept it well.

Mel. From Cobwebs Sir,
Tis cleane swept, I can finde no other Art
In keeping of it now, twas neare beside
Since he commaunded.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I haue kept it safe from such as you.

Mel.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Keepe your ill temper in,
I speake no malice, had my brother kept it
I shoulde ha sed as much.

King. You are not merry, brother drinke wine,
Sit you all still, *Callianax*

Aside

I cannot trust thus, I haue throwne out words,
That would haue fetcht warme bloud vpon the cheeckes
Of guilty men, and he is neuer mou'd,
He knowes no such thing.

Call. Impudence may scape, when feeble virtue is accus'd.

King. A must if he were guilty feele an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not.

Call. Let him hang himselfe,
What care I what he does, this he did say,

King. *Melant.* you can easily conceiue
What I haue meant, for men that are in faults
Can subtilty apprehend when others aime
At what they doe amisse, but I forgiue
Freely before this man, heauen doe so too;
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Call. Why this is very fine.

Mel. I cannot tell

What tis you meane, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it, happily tis daught
But misconstruction, and where I am cleare
I will not take forgiueneise of the gods,
Much leise of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothnes

To thanke a man for pardoning of a crime
I neuer knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
my eares are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the
fort to scape.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mel. Pardon me Sir, my bluntnesse will be pardoned,
you preserue

A race of idle people here about you,
Facers, and talkers to defame the world
Of those that doe things worthy, the man that vittered this
Had perisht without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arme that fensh him from the Foe.
And if I thought you gaue a faith to this,
The plainenesse of my nature would speake more,
Giue me a pardon, for you ought to doo't
To kill him that spakethis.

Call. I that will be the end of all,
Then I am fairely paide for all my care and seruice.

Mel. That old man, who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will neuer match my hate so low,)
Hate no good thought, would yet I thinke excuse me,
And swearē he thought me wrong'd in this.

Call. Who I, thou shamelesse Fellow that hast spoke to me
Of it thy selfe.

Mel. O then it came from him.

Call. From me, who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay I beleue your malice is enough,
But I ha lost my anger, Sir I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. *Licip:* cheare *Amintor* and his *Lady*, heres no sound
Comes from you, I will come and doo't my selfe.

Amint. You haue done all ready Sir for me I thanke you.

King. *Melantius* I doe credit this from him,
How sleight so ere you mak't.

Mel. Tis strange you should.

Call. Tis strang a should beleue a old mans word,
That neuer lied ins life.

Mel. I talke not to thee,
Shall the wilde words of this distempered man,
Frantique with age and sorrow make a breach
Betwixt your Maiestic and me; twas wrong
To harken to him, but to credit him

The Maydes Tragedy.

As much, at least, as I haue power to beare.
But pardon me, whilst I speake onely truth,
I may commend my selfe ---- I haue bestowd
My carelesse bloud with you, and shoulde be loath
To thinke an action that would make me loose
That, and my thankes too : when I was a boy
I thrust my selfe into my Countries cause,
And did a deed, that pluckt ffeue yeares from time
And stul'd me man then, and for you my king
Your Subiects all haue fed by vertue of my arme;
And you your selfe haue liu'd at home in ease,
So terrible I grew that without swords
My name hath fecht you conquest, and my heart
And limmes are still the same, my will as great
To doe you seruice : let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius I held it great iniustice to beleue
Thine enemie, and did, if I did,
I doe not, let that satisfie, what strooke
With sadeselle all: morewine.

Call. A few fine words haue ouerthowne my truth, a
th'art a Villaine.

Mel. Why, thou werst better let me haue the fort,
Dotard, I wil disgrace thee thus for euer,
There shall no credit lievpon thy words,
Thinke better and deliuier it.

Call. My leige, hees at me now agen to doe it, speake
Denie it if thou canst, examine him
Whilst he is hot, for if hee coole agen,
He will forswear it.

King. This is lunacie I hope, *Melantius*.
Mel. He hath lost himselfe

Much since his daughter mist the happinesse
My sister gaind, and though he call me Foe,
I pittie him.

Call. A pittie a pox vpon you, and I will, I broues you.

Mel. Marke his disordered words, and at the Maske

The Maydes Tragedy.

Mer. Diagoras knowes her rag'd, and raild at me,
And cald a Ladie Whore so innocent
She vnderstood him not, but it becomes
Both you and me to forgiue distraction,
Pardon him as I doe.

Call. Ile not speake for thee, for all thy cunning, if you
will be safe chop off his head, for there was neuer knowne
so impudent a Rascall.

King. Some that loue him get him to bed, why? pittie
should not let age make it selfe contemptible, we must be
all old, haue him away.

Mer. Callianax the King beleuees you, come, you shall
go home, and rest, you ha done well, youle giue it vp
When I haue vsd you thus a month, I hope.

Cal. Now, now, tis plaine Sir, he does moue me still,
He saies he knowes ile giue him vp the fort
When he has vsd me thus a month, I am mad
Am I not still?

Omnes. Ha ha ha.

Cal. I shall be mad indeed if you doe thus,
Why should you trust a sturdie fellow there,
(That has no virtue in him, alls in his sword)
before me; doe but take his weapons from him
And hees an Asse, and I am a very foole
Both with him, and without him, as you vs me.

Omnes. Ha ha ha.

King. Too well, *Cal.* but if you vs
This once agen I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well dischardg'd.
Be merry Gentlemen it growes somewhat late,
Amintor thou wouldest be a bed agen.

Amint. Yes Sir.

King. And you Enadne let me take thee in my arme, *Me-*
lanius thou art as thou deseruest to be, my freind,
Still, and for euer good *Call.*
Sleepe soundly, it will bring thee to thy selfe.

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mer. & Cal.

Cal. Sleepe

The Maydes Tragedy.

Cal. Sleepe soundly! I sleepe soundly now I hope,
I could not be thus else. How darst thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast vsed me?

Mer. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
the strongest

Part you haue about ye.

Cal. Dost not thou looke for some great punishment for
this? I feele

My selfe beginne to forget all my hate,
And tak't vnkindly that mine enemy
Should vs me so extremely scurily.

Mer. I shall meet too, if you begin to take
Vnkindnesse, I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thoult anger me agen; thou wretched roague,
Meant me no wrong! disgrace me with the King,
Lose all my offices, this is no hurt

Is it, I prethee what dost thou call hurt?

Mer. To poison men because they loue me not,
To call the credit of mens wiues in question,
To murder children, betwixt me and Land,
This I call hurt.

Cal. All this thou thinkst is sport,
For mine is worse, but vs thy will with me,
For betwixt griefe and anger I could crie.

Mer. Bewise then and be safe, thou maist reuenge.

Cal. I oth' the King, I would reuenge of thee.

Mer. That you must plot your selfe.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mer. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexitie till peeuishnesse

And his disgrace haue laid thee in thy graue.

But if thou wilt deliuer vp the fort,

Ile take thy trembling body in my armes,

And beare thee ouer dangers, thou shalt hold

Thy wanted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King, canst thou deni't agen?

Mer. Trie and beleeue.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Call. Nay then thou canst bring any thing about,
Melantine, thou shalt haue the fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right vs both, giue methy aged brest
To compasse.

Call. Nay I doe not loue thee yet,
I cannot well endure to looke on thee,
And if I thought it were a curtesie,
Thou shouldest not haue it, but I am disgrac't,
My offices are to be tane away,
And if I did but hold this fort a day,
I doe beleue the King would take it from me,
And giue it thee, things are so strangely carried,
Nere thanke me fort, but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing int I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Heele buy that knowledge every deerely : Diph.
What newes with thee? Ent. Diphilus.

Diph. This were a night indeed to doe it in,
The King hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall performe it then, goe Diph.
And take from this good man my worthy friend
The fort, heele giue it thee.

Diph. Ha you got that?

Call. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou denie
This to the King too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Call. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away and vsle him kindly.

Call. Touch not me, I hate the whole straine, if thou follow
me a great way off, I legiue thee vp the fort, and hang your
selues.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. Hees finely wrought.

Exeunt Call. Diph.

Mel. This is a night spight of Astronomers

To doe the deed in, I will wash the staine

That rests vpon our house, off with his bloud. Ent. Amint.

Amint.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Amint. Melantius now assist me if thou beest
That which thou saist, assist me, I haue lost
All my distempers, and haue found a rage
So pleasing, helpe inc.

Mel. Who can see him thus,

And not sweare vengeance? what's the matter friend?

Amint. Out with thy sword, and hand in hand with me

Rush to the chamber of this hated King,

And sink him with the weight of all his sins

To hell for euer.

Mel. Twere a rash attempt,

Not to be done with safetie, let your reason

Plot your reuenge, and not your passion.

Amint. If thou refusest me in these extremes,

Thou art no friend, he sent for her to me,

By heauen to me, my selfe, and I must tell ye

I loue her as a stranger, there is worth

In that vild woman, worthy things *Melantius*,

And she repents, Ile doo't my selfe alone,

Though I be slaine, farewell.

Mel. Heele ouerthrow my whole designe with madnes;

Amintor.

Thinke what thou doest, I dare as much as valour,

But tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,

With whom thou fightest, I know hees honest.

Aside.

And this will worke with him.

Amint. I cannot tell

What thou hast said, but thou hast charmd my sword.

Out of my hand, and left me shaking here.

Defencelesse.

Mel. I will take it vp for thee.

Amint. What a wilde beast is vncollected man!

The thing that we call honour beares vs all

Headlong vnto sinne, and yet it selfe is nothing.

Mel. Alas how variable are thy thoughts?

Amint. Just like my fortunes, I was run to that,

I purposd to haue thid thee for some plot

The Maydes Tragedy.

I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old fellowes carriage, but take heed,
Theres not the least limbe growing to a King
But carries thunder in't.

Mel. I haue none against him.

Amint. Why come then, and still remember wee may not
thinke reuenge.

Mel. I will remember.

Exeunt.

Actus 5.

Enter *Euadne* and a *Gentleman*.

E *Vad.* Sir is the King abed?

Gent. Madam an houre agoe.

Euad. Giue me the key then, and Sir let none be
neere.

Tis the Kings pleasure.

Gent. I vnderstand you Madam, would twere mine,
I must not wish good rest vnto your Ladiship.

Euad. You talke, you talke.

Gent. Tis all I dare doe Madam, but the King will wake,
and then me thinkes.

Euad. Sauing your imagination, pray good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one Madam, I
am gone. *Exit.*

Euad. The night growes horrible, and all about me

Like my blacke purpose, O the conscience

K. a bed.

Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?

To what things dismal, as the depth of hell,

Wilt thou prouoke me? Let no woman dare

From this houre be disloyall, if her heart

Be fletch; if she haue blood and can feare, tis a madnesse

Above that desperate mans that left his peace,

And went to sea to fight, tis so many sins,

An

The Maydes Tragedy.

An age cannot repent 'em, and so great,
The gods want mercy for, yet I must through 'em,
I haue begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there, a sleepes, oh God,
Why giue you peace to this vntemperate beast,
That has so farre transgrest you ? I must kill him,
And I will doo't brauely : the meere ioy
Confirmes me that I merit, yet I must not
Thus tamely doe it as he sleepes, that were
To rake him to another world, my vengeance
Shall seaze him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.

He shape his sins like furies till I waken
His euill Angell, his sickle conscience,

And then I strike him dead. King by your leaue,
I dare not trust your strength, your Grace and I
Must grapple vpon euen tearmes no more.

*Ties his
armes to
the bed.*

So, if he raile me not from my resolution,
As I beleue I shall not, I shall fit him.

My Lord the King, my Lord, a sleepes
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord,
Is he not dead already ? Sir, my Lord.

King. Whose that ?

Euad. O you sleepes soundly Sir.

King. My deare Euadne,

I haue beene dreaming of thee, come to bed.

Euad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome ?

King. What prettie new deuice is this Euadne ?

What, doe you tie me to you by my loue ?

This is a quaint one : come my deare and kisse me,
He be thy Mars, to bed my Queene of loue,
Let vs be caught together, that the gods may looke,
And enuie our embraces.

Euad. Stay Sir, stay,

You are too hot, and I haue brought you physicke,
To temper your high veines.

King. Prethee to bed then, let me take it warme,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Here thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Euad. I know you haue a surfeited soule body,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Euad. I you shall bleed, lie still, and if the deuill
Your lust will give you leaue, repent, this steele
Comes to redeeme the honour that you stole
King, my faire name, which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How Euadne?

Euad. I am not she, nor beare I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cald a woman,
I am a Tiger, I am any thing
That knowes not pittie, stirre not, if thou doest,
Ile take thee vnpreprad, thy feares vpon thee,
That make thy sins looke double, and so send thee
(By my reuenge I will) to looke those torments
Prepar'd for such blacke soules.

King. Thou doest not meane this, tis impossible,
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Euad. No I am not,
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hels here: I was once faire,
Once I was louely, not a blowing rose
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou, thou foule canker,
(Stirre not) didst poison me, I was a world of vertue,
Till your curst Court and you (hell bleisse you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give vp mine honour, for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Euad. I am.

King. Thou art not.

I prethee speake not these things, thou art gentle,
And werst not meant thus rugged.

Euad. Peace and heare me.

Stirre nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,

The Maydes Tragedy.

To those aboue vs, by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires, that shot to see our sinne,
If thy hot soule had substance with thy bloud,
I would kill that too, which being past my steele,
My tongue shall reach : Thou art a shamelesse villaine,
A thing out of the ouercharge of nature,
Sent like a thicke cloud to disperse a plague
Vpon weake catching women, such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subiects,
I all his heauen hereafter.

King. Hearc Euadne,

Thou soule of sweetnesse, heare, I am thy King.

Euad. Thou art my shame, lie still, theres none about you
Within your cries, all promises of safetie
Are but deluding dreames, thus, thus thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance.

King. Hold Euadne,
I doe command thee, hold.

Euad. I doe not meane Sir
To part so fairely with you, we must change
More of these loue-trickes yet.

King. What bloudie villanie
Prouok't thee to this murther ?

Euad. Thou, thou monster.

Stabs him.

King. Oh.

Euad. Thou keptst me braue at Court, and whorde me,
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman, (King,
And whorde me still.

King. Euadne, pittie me.

Euad. Hell take methen, this for my Lord Amintor,
This for my nob'e brother, and this stroke
For the most wrongd of women.

Kills him.

King. Oh I die.

Euad. Die all our faults together, I forgiue thee. *Exeunt.*
Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now shees gone, lets enter, the King expects it,
and will be angry.

The Maydes Tragedy.

2. Tis a fine wench, weele haue a snap at her one of these
nights as she goes from him.
1. Content : how quickly he had done with her, I see
Kings can doe no more that way then other mortall
people.
2. How fast he is ! I cannot heare him breathe.
1. Either the tapers glaue a feeble light, or he lookest very
pale.
2. Lets looke : Alas , hees stiffe , wounded and dead.
Treason.
1. Run forth and call: Exit Gent.
2. Treason, treason.
1. This will be laid on vs : who can beleue
A woman could doe this ?

Enter Cleon and Lysippus.

Cle. How now ? wheres the traitor ?
1. Fled, fled away, but there her wofull act
Lies still.

Cle. Her act ! a woman !

Lys. Wheres the body ?

1. There.

Lys. Farewell thou worthy man, there were two bonds
That tied our loues, a brother and a King,
The least of which might fetch a floud of teares :
But such the miserie of greatnessse is,
They haue no time to mourne, then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she ?

Enter Strat.

Strat. Neuer follow her,

For she alas was but the instrumente.

Newes is now brought in that *Melantius*
Has got the Fort, and stands vpon the wall,
And with a loude voice calls to those few that passe
At this dead time of night, deliuering
The innocence of this act.

Lys. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Strat. We doe acknowledge it.

Lys. I

The Maydes Tragedy.

Lys. I would I were not : follow all, for this must have a
sudden stop.

Exeunt.

Ext. Melant. Diph. Calli, on the walls.

Mel. If the dull people can beleue I am arm'd,
Be constant *Diph.* now we haue time,
Either to bring our banisht honours home,
Or to create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I feare not,
My spirit lies not that way. *Courage Callianax.*

Call. Would I had any, you shold quickly know it.

Mel. Speake to the people, thou art eloquent.

Call. Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallowes,
You were borne to be my end, the devill take you,
Now must I hang for company, tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise, nor valiant.

Enter Lysip. Diph. Cleon. Strato. Guard.

Lys. See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He lookes as if he had the better cause, Sir,
Vnder your gracious pardon let me speake it,
Though he be mightie spirited and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certaine
I doe beleue him noble, and this action
Rather puld on then fought, his minde was euer
As worthy as his hand.

Lys. Tis my feare too,
Heauen forgiue all : summon him *Lord Cleon.*

Cle. Ho from the walls there.

Mel. Worthy *Cleon* welcome,
We could a wisht you here Lord, you are honest.

Call. Well thou art as flattering a knaue, though I dare not
tell thee so.

Afide.

Lys. Melantius.

Mel. Sir.

Lys. I am sorrie that we meet thus, our old loue
Neuer requir'd such distance, pray to heauen.

The Maydes Tragedy.

You haue not left your selfe, and sought this safetie
More out of feare then honour, you haue lost
A noble master, which your faith, *Melanctius*,
I'm sure might haue preserued.

Melanct. Royally young man, those teares looke louely on
thee,
Had they beene shed for a deseruing one,
They had beene lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I cald him King, and seru'd him,
With that strong faith, that most vnwearied valour,
Puld people from the farthest sunne to seeke him,
And begge his friendship, I was then his souldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That neuer-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Bale staine of whore, and which is worse,
The ioy to make it still so, like my selfe)
Thus I haue flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine owne iustice for reuenge,
What I haue suffered in him, and this old man
Wrongd almost to lunacie.

Call. Who I? You wud draw me in, I haue had no wrong,
I doe disclaime ye all.

Mel. The shott is this,
Tis no ambition to lift vp my selfe
Vrgeth me thus, I doe desire againe
To be a subiect, so I may be free;
If not, I know my strength, and will vnbuid
This goodly towne, be speedie, and bewise, in a replie.

Strat. Besudden Sir to tie
All vp againe, what's done is past recall,
And past you to reuenge, and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled houre as this.

Throw him the blanke.

Lys. *Melanctius*, write in that thy cheice,
My seale is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew vs to this act,

The Maydes Tragedy.

No gaine, and we will only worke our pardons.

Call. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd vs all but now *Callianax*.

Call. Thats all one,

Ile not behangd hereafter by a tricke,

Ile haue it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall:

Come to the backe gate, and weeke call the King,

And give you vp the Fort.

Lj. Away, away.

Excuse omnes.

Enter Apsar, in mans apparell.

Apsar. This is my fatall houre, heauen may forgiue
My rash attempt that causelesly hath laid
Griefes on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast,
It is more honour for you that I doe,
For she that can endure the miserie
That I haue on me, and be patient too,
May liue and laugh at all that you can doe.

God sauе you Sir.

Enter Servants.

Ser. And you Sir, whats your businesse?

Apsar. With you Sir now, to doe me the faire office
To helpe me to your Lord.

Ser. What would you serue him?

Apsar. Ile doe him any seruice, but to haste,
For my affaires are earnest, I desire
To speake with him.

Ser. Sir because you are in such haste, I would be loth to
delay you longer: you cannot.

Apsar. It shall become you thought to tell your Lord.

Ser. Sir he will speake with no body, but in particular, I
haue in charge about no waightie matters.

Apsar. This is most strange: art thou gold proofe? theres
for thee, helpe me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir, Ile doe my best.

Exit.

Apsar. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!

There is a viild dishonest tricke in man,

More

The Maydes Tragedy.

More then in women : all the men I meet
Appeare thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And haue a subtletie in euery thing,
Which loue could neuer know ; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And thinke all shall goe so, it is vnjust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Amint. Where is he ? Enter Amintor and his man.

Ser. There my Lord.

Amint. What would you Sir?

*Afpat. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the roome, I shall deliuer things
Worthy your hearing.*

Amint. Leaue vs.

Afpat. O that that shape should burie falsehood in it. Aside.

Amint. Now your will Sir.

*Afpat. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must
ghesse
My businesse, and I am not hard to know.
For till the chance of warre markt this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her mine : in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Affatia*.*

*Amint. The wrong'd *Affatia*, would thou wert so too
Vnto the wrong'd *Amintor*, let me kisse
That hand of thine in honour that I beare
Vnto the wrong'd *Affatia*, here I stand
That did it, would he could not, gentle youth
Leaue me, for there is something in thy lookes
That eals my sins in a most odious forme
Into my minde, and I haue griefe enough
Without thy helpe.*

*Afpat. I would I could with credit,
Since I was twelue yeeres old I bad not seene
My sister till this houre, I now arriu'd,
She sent for me to see her marriage,
A wofull one, but they that are aboue*

The Maydes Trageay.

Hau ends in every thing, she vsd few words,
But yet enough to make me vnderstand
The baseneſſe of the iniuries you did her,
That little trayning I haue had, is war,
I may behauē my ſelfe rudely in peace,
I would not though, I ſhall not need to tell you
I am but young, and would be loth to loſe
Honour that is not eaſily gaind againe,
Fairely I meane to deale, the age is ſtrict
For ſingle combats, and we ſhall be ſtoppē
If it be publifht, if you like your ſword
Uſe it, if mine appeare a better to you,
Change, for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our diſſerence.

Amint. Charitable youth,
If thou beſt ſuch, thinke not I will maintaine
So ſtrange a wrong, and for thy ſiſters ſake,
Know, that I could not thinke that deſperate thing
I durſt not doe, yet to inioy this world
I would not ſee her, for beholding thee,
I am I know not what, if I haue ought
That may content thee, take it, and be gone,
For death is not ſo terrible as thou,
Thine eies ſhoote guilt into me.

Aſſat. Thus ſhe ſwore,
Thou wouldſt behauē thy ſelfe and giue me words
That would fetch teares into my eies, and ſo
Thou doeſt indeed, but yet ſhe bad me watch,
Leaſt I were coſtend, and be ſure to fight
Ere I returnd.

Amint. That muſt not be with me,
For her ile die dire&ly, but againſt her
Will neuer hazard it.

Aſſat. You muſt be vrgd, I doe not deale vnciuilly with
thoſe that dare to fight, but ſuch a one as you

Muſt be vsd thus. *She ſtrikes him.*

Amint. I prethee youth take heed,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Aboue mine honour, that I can indure
All this, good gods ---- a blow I can indure,
But stay not, least thou draw a timelesse death
Vpon thy selfe.

Affat. Thou art some prating Fellow,
One that has studied out a tricke to talke
And moue soft herted people; to be kickt *She kickes him*
Thus to be kickt --- why should he be so slow *aside.*
In giuing me my death.

Amint. A man can beare
No more and keepe his flesh, forgiue me then,
I would indure yet if I could, now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and vnderstand
Thou hast no houre to liue, what doft thou mane, *they fight*
Thou canst not fight, the blowes thou makst at me
Are quite besides, and those I offer at thee
Thou spreadst thine armes, and takst vpon thine brest
Alas defencelesse.

Affat. I haue got enough,
And my desire, there is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Ent. Euadne.

Euad. *Amintor* I am loaden with euents
That flie to make thee happy, I haue ioyes
That in a moment can call backe thy wrongs
And settle thee in thy free state againe,
It is *Euadne* still that followes thee
But not her mischieves.

Amint. Thou canst not foole me to beleue agen,
But thou hast lookest and things so full of newes
That I am stald.

Euad. Noble *Amintor* put off thy amaze,
Let thine eies loose, and speake, am I not faire,
Lookest not *Euad.* beatious with these rites now?
Were those houres halfe so louely in thine eyes
When our hands met before the holy man,
I was too foule within, to looke faire then,

Since

The Maydes Tragedy.

Since I knew ill I was not free till now.

Amint. There is presage of some important thing
About thee which it seemes thy tongue hath lost,
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Euad. In this consists thy happinesse and mine,
Joy to *Amintor* for the King is dead.

Amint. Those haue most power to hurt vs, that we loue
We lay our sleeping liues within their armes,
Why thou hast raisd vp mischiefe to his height
And found one, to out-name thy other faults,
Thou hast no intermission of thy sinnes,
But all thy life is a continued ill,
Blacke is thy coulor now, disease thy nature
Joy to *Amintor*, thou hast toucht a life
The very name of which had power to chaine
Vp all my rage, and tame my wildest wrongs.

Euad. Tis done, and since I could not finde a way
To meete thy loue so cleare, as through his life
I cannot now repent it.

Amint. Cudst thou procure the gods to speake to me,
To bid me loue this woman, and forgiue,
I thinke I should fall out with them, behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand, this keepes night here
And throwes an vnknowne Wildernes about me.

Afpat. Oh oh oh.

Amint. No more persue me not.

Euad. Forgiue me then and take me to thy bed,
We may not part.

Amint. Forbeare be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Euad. Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amint. Take heed it will returne with me.

Euad. If it must be I shall not feare to meete it,
Take me home.

Amint. Thou Monster of crueltie, forbear.

Euad. For heauens sake looke more calme,

The Maydes Tragedy.

Thine eies are crueller, then thou canst make thy sword.

Amint. Away, away thy knees are more to me then violence,

I am worse then sicke to see knees follow me,

For that I must not grant, for Gods sake stand,

Euad. Receive me then.

Amint. I dare not stay, thy language,

In midst of all my anger, and my griefe,

Thou doest awake something that troubles me,

And saies I lou'd thee once, I dare not stay,

There is no end of womans reasoning.

leaves her.

Euad. Amint or thou shalt loue me now againe,

Go I am calme, farewell, And peace for euer.

Euadne whom thou hast will die for thee.

Kills herselfe.

Amint. I haue a little humane nature yet

Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

Returns.

Euad. Thy hand was welcome but it came too late,

Oh I am lost the heauie sleepe makes hast.

Affat. Oh oh oh.

Amint. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feele

A starke affrighted motion in my bloud,

My soule growes weary of her house, and I

All ouer am a trouble to my selfe,

There is some hidden power in these dead things

That calls my selfe vnto 'em, I am cold,

Be resolute, and beare 'em company,

Theres something yet which I am loath to leaue,

Theres man enough in me to meeete the feares

That death can bring, and yet woulde it were done,

I can finde nothing in the whole discourse

Of death I durst not meeete the bouldest way,

Yet still betwixt the reason and thea &

The wrong I to *Affatia* did stands vp,

I haue not such another fault to answer,

Though she may iustly arme her selfe with scorne

And hate of me, my soule will part lesse troubled,

When I haue paid to her in teares my sorrow,

The Maydes Tragedy.

I will not leaue this aet vnsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Aſpat. Was it a dreame? There stands *Amintor* still,
Or I dreeane still.

Amint. How doest thou? speake, receiue my loue & helpe:
Thy bloud climbs vp to his old place againe,
Theres hope of thy recouerie.

Aſpat. Did you not name *Aſpatia*?

Amint. I did.

Aſpat. And talkt of teares and sorrow vnto her.

Amint. Tis true, and till these happie signes in thee
Staid my course, it was thither I was going.

Aſpat. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me, fough not reuenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.

I am *Aſpatia* yet.

Amint. Dare my soule euer looke abroad agen?

Aſpat. I shall ſure liue *Amintor*, I am well,
A kinde of healthfull ioy wanders within me.

Amint. The world wants lines to excuse thy losſe,
Come let me beare thee to ſome place of helpe.

Aſpat. *Amintor* thou muſt ſtay, I muſt reſt here,
My ſtrength begins to diſobey my will.
How doſt thou my beſt ſoule? I would faine liue,
Now if I could, wouldſt thou haue loued me then?

Amint. Alas, all that I am ſnot worth a haire
From thee.

Aſpat. Giue me thine hand, mine eyes grow vp & downe,
And cannot finde thee, I am wondrouſ ſickē.

Haue I thy hand, *Amintor*?

Amint. Thou greateſt bleſſing of the world, thou haſt.

Aſpat. I doe beleeue thee better then my ſenſe,
Oh I muſt goe, farewel.

Amint. She ſounds: *Aſpatia*. Helpe, for Gods ſake: water,
Such as may chaine life euer to this frame.

Aſpatia, ſpeakē: what no helpe? yet I foole,
He chafe her temples, yet there nothing ſtirs.

The Maydes Tragedy.

Some hidden power tell her *Amintor* cals,
And let her answer me: *Aspatia* speake.
I haue heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew it selfe.
Oh she is gone, I will not leaue her yet.
Since out of iustice we must challenge nothing,
Ile call for mercy if youle pittie me,
You heauenly powers, and lend forth some few yeeres
The blessed soule to this faire seat againe.
No comfort comes, the gods denie me too.
Ile bow the body once againe: *Aspatia*.
The soule is fled for euer, and I wrong
My selfe, so long to loose her companie.
Must I talk now? Heres to be with thee loue. *Kils himselfe.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great gracie to my Lord to haue the new King
come to him, I must tell him he is entring. Oh God, helpe,
helpe.

Enter *Lysip. Melant. Call. Diph. Strato.*

Lys. Wheres *Amintor*?

Strat. O there, there.

Lys. How strange is this?

Call. What should we doe here?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolues not. May I stand
Stiffe here for euer: eyes call vp your teates,
This is *Amintor*: heart, he was my friend,
Melt, now it flowes, *Amintor* giue a word
To call me to thee.

Amint. Oh.

Mel. *Melantius* cals his friend *Amintor*, oh thy armes
Are kinderto me then thy tongue,
Speake, speake.

Amint. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That euer I shall heare againe.

Diph. Oh brother here lies your sister slaine,

You

The Maydes Tragedy

You loose your selfe in sorrow there.

Mel. Why Dip. it is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this,
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Sonne,
All that I had, speake once againe
What youth lies slaine there by thee.

Amint. Tis *Appatia*,
My last is said, let me giue vp my soule
Into thy bosome.

Call. Whats that, whats that *Appatia*?

Mel. I never did repent the greatnesse of heart till now,
It will not burst at need.

Call. My daughter, dead here too, and you haue all fine
new trickes to greive, but I nere knew any but direct
crying.

Mel. I am a Pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold Brother.

Lisp. Stop him.

Diph. Fie how vnmanly was this offer in you,
Does this become our straine.

Call. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kinde, and am friends with you all now
You haue giuen me that among you will kill me
Quickly, but Ile go home and liue as long as I can. *Exit.*

Mel. His spirit is but poore, that can be kept.

From death for want of weapons,
Is not my hands a weapon sharpe enough
To stop my breath, or if you tie downe those,
I vow *Amintor* I will never eate
Or drinke, or sleepe, or haue to doe with that
That may preserue life, this I swaere to keepe.

Lisp. Looke to him tho, and beare those bodies in
May this a faire example be to me.
To rule with temper, for on lustfull Kings
Unlookt for suddaine deaths from God are sent,
But curst is he that is their instrument.

